

# GUY

SEPT.

IND.

**MEN'S TRUE ADVENTURES**

ESCAPER TUPPELA'S FROZEN SURVIVAL

**'YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME...**

**I'LL CUT MYSELF APART'**

**THE CRAZY BLOOD-FEUD  
OF LINK WILLIAMS**

SAGA OF A 1958 GUNSLINGER

## WOMEN'S BARRACKS

**BEST-SELLING  
TRUE BOOK BONUS**

First time in a  
magazine—the  
book that shocked  
3 million readers...  
Diary of a French  
girl soldier—her  
comrades, lovers,  
strange affairs

**YANK SPY and the  
MISTRESS of GOODBODY  
HOUSE**

35¢





Did you ever ask yourself...

# WHY CAN'T I GROW HAIR?

First, let's understand a few facts about hair growth and baldness. Common baldness follows a characteristic pattern. The hair recedes at the temples and there is a gradual loss of hair at the crown of the head. Hair lost in this manner is progressive and, if unchecked, the end result is baldness.

You may have seen ads with "before and after" photographs of men and women enjoying renewed hair growth. These photographs are probably authentic. But the next time you pick up one of these ads observe it carefully. Note that the baldness areas do not follow the characteristic pattern of common baldness. Note that the bald spots are not on the crown or at the temples. Instead, they are almost on any other part of the head—the back of the head, the side of the head—places where most people still retain hair after many years of being bald. These people were suffering from a scalp disorder called alopecia areata, which means loss of hair in patches. In these cases the hair falls out in clumps practically overnight, and grows back the same way after weeks, months, or years later. Doctors don't know the cause of alopecia areata but believe it results from a nervous disturbance.

At any rate, the chances are 98 to 1 that you do not have alopecia areata.

## NOW YOU CAN STOP WORRYING ABOUT BALDNESS

Now we can clear the air. Up to this time no one has discovered how to GROW HAIR ON A BALD HEAD. No, nothing known to modern science, no treatment, no electric gadget, no chemical, no brush, no formula can GROW HAIR. So, if you are already bald, make up your mind you are going to stay that way. Quit worrying about it—enjoy yourself.

But if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to no-

tice too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness or oiliness of your hair, the itchiness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff—these are Nature's Red Flags. They warn you that if these conditions go unchecked, baldness may be the end result.

Yes, there is something you can do to help save your hair.

The development of the amazing new formula series called Alophene may mean that thousands of men and women can now increase the life expectancy of their hair. Alophene has two basic formulas, with the dual purpose of correcting a scalp condition that often results in baldness, and giving greater health and longer life to the hair you still have.

## HOW ALOPHENE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

This is how Alophene works: (1) It tends to normalize the secretions of your sebaceous glands, controlling excessive dryness and oiliness. A few treatments, and your hair looks more beautiful, more vital, and healthier. By its rubefacient action, it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to the hair follicles. It supplies Vitamin A to the scalp, which some medical authorities believe may be an essential nutritive factor to the hair and scalp.

(2) As an effective antiseptic, Alophene kills, on contact, seborrhea-causing bacteria believed by many medical authorities to be a cause of baldness. By its keratolitic action, it dissolves dried sebum and ugly dandruff, it controls seborrhea, thereby tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft, and eliminating head scales and scalp itch. In short, Alophene offers a modern effective treatment for the preservation of your hair.

Today there is no larger any excuse for any man or woman to neglect the warning signals of im-

pending baldness. After years of research and experimentation, we can say this about Alophene. We know of no other treatment, used at home or in professional salons, that can surpass Alophene in saving your hair.

## ALOPHENE IS

### UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Therefore, we offer you this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Try Alophene in your own home. In only 10 days your hair must look thicker, more attractive and alive. Your dandruff must be gone, your irritating scalp itch must stop. In only 20 days you must see the remarkable improvement in your scalp condition, and the continued improvement in the appearance of your hair. After 30 days you must be completely satisfied with the rapid progress in the condition of your hair and scalp, or return the unused portion of the treatment and we will refund the entire purchase price at once.

You now have the opportunity to help increase the life expectancy of your hair—at no risk.

So don't delay. Nothing—not even Alophene—can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon below, while you have this chance to enjoy thicker - stronger - healthier HAIR AGAIN.

© ELYTTE-FENNINGTON, LTD., 23 West 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.

**Note to Doctors:** Doctors, clinics, hospitals engaged in clinical work on scalp disorders are invited to write for samples of the new Alophene Formula Series.

## BALDNESS WON'T WAIT! ACT NOW!

ELYTTE-FENNINGTON, LTD., 23 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please send at once the complete Alophene hair and scalp treatment (60 day supply) in plastic wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund upon return of unused portion of treatment.

☐ Enclosed find \$10. (Cash, check, money order). Send postpaid.  
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$10 plus postage charges on delivery.

Name

Address

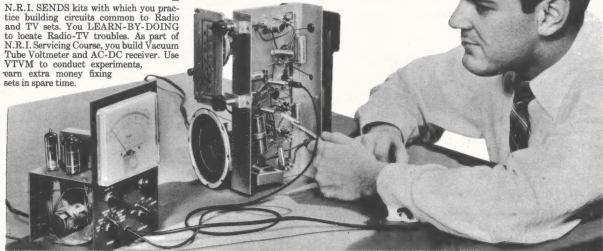
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**RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!**

# Learn Radio-Television

## Servicing or Communications by Practicing at Home in Spare Time

N.R.I. SENDS kits with which you practice building circuits common to Radio and TV sets. You LEARN-BY-DOING to locate Radio-TV troubles. As part of N.R.I. Servicing Course, you build Vacuum Tube Voltmeter and AC-DC receiver. Use VTVM to conduct experiments, earn extra money fixing sets in spare time.



RADIO-TV BROADCASTING (see above) offers important positions as Operators and Technicians. RADIO-TV SERVICING Technicians (see below) needed in every community. Their services are respected, their skill appreciated.



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J. E. SMITH  
President

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Training PLUS opportunity is the ideal combination for success. So plan now to get into Radio-TV. The technical man is looked up to. He does important work, gets good pay for it. Radio-Television offers that kind of work. NRI can supply training quickly, without expense of going away to school. Keep your job while training. You learn at home in your spare time. NRI is the OLDEST and LARGEST home study Radio-TV school. Its methods have proved successful for more than 40 years.

## Added Income Soon - \$10, \$15 a Week in Spare Time

Soon after enrolling, many NRI students start to earn \$10, \$15 a week in spare time fixing sets. Some pay for their training and enjoy extra luxuries this way. Some make enough to start their own Radio-TV shops. NRI training is *practical*—gets quick results. Easy to understand, well illustrated lessons teach you basic principles. And you LEARN-BY-DOING by practicing with kits of equipment which "bring to life" things you study.

## Find Out What NRI Offers

NRI has trained thousands for successful careers in Radio-TV. Study fast or slow—as you like. Diploma when you graduate. Mail coupon now. Paste it on a postcard or mail in envelope. ACTUAL LESSON FREE. Also 64 page catalog that shows opportunities, shows equipment you get. Cost of NRI courses low. Easy terms. NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. 9HG2, Washington 16, D.C.

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"Doing spare time repairs on Radio and TV. Soon servicing full time." CLYDE HIGGINS, Waltham, Mass.

"I had a successful Radio repair shop. Now I'm Engineer for WHEP." V. W. WORKMAN, High Point, N.C.



"There are a number of NRI graduates here. I can thank NRI for this job." JACK WAGNER, Lexington, N.C.



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Dept. 9HG2, Washington 16, D. C.

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WHEN is a hero not a hero?

Sounds like a kid's riddle, but actually it's a question that often comes up when good men and true come together around a campfire—or on a battlefield. All of us who served as GIs in World War II or Korea know of acts performed in wartime that were called "heroic." Try the same thing in peacetime and you win a one-way ticket to the hoosegow, or even the chair.

Yes, a man who's a hero in one place or time might turn out a fool or a devil in another. Such is the case with Link Williams, the 1958 gunfighter (p. 12). Link fought a battle that, one time, might have put him right up there with Wyatt Earp and his OK Corral.

We think Matthew Gant has written an unusual and moving story of a unique sort of man—a guy who tried to lick a world that had left him a hundred years behind. . . .

A hero who's very much in keeping with his particular time and place is rugged Erkki Tup-



Tuppela: Hero as butcher

pela (p. 22). For 150 days he stood off bears, wolves—and that deadliest of all animals, man—in his flight through the frozen Alaskan wilderness.

To stand up for his rights, he performed what may be man's bravest, most horrifying deed. Reduced to his grimmest extremity, he played the butcher on his own body. The editors believe, in all honesty, that the story of Tuppela's escape and survival is the most incredible true story of its kind ever told.

What is a hero? Gentlemen, you may be able to decide when you've read these two breath-catching adventures.

The Editors

# GUY

SEPTEMBER • 1959

MEN'S TRUE ADVENTURES

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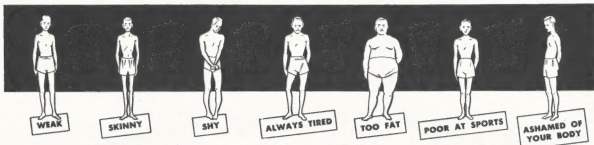
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No. 5



# Don't Be Weak Back By a HALF-HUMAN Body



Check the Kind of Body You Want—Right in the  
Coupon Below—and I'll Show You How Fast You Can Have It



Let me make you proud of your body—in clothes or in bathing trunks.

of feeling "half-alive" and looking like "half-a-man"—you'd feel, look, and act like a real **HE-MAN**.

I sincerely believe that my famous body-building secret can do all these things for you. I don't care how old or how young you are. Just tell me where you want it and I'll add **INCHES OF SOLID MUSCLE** to your body.

## Thousands Have Become **HE-MEN** My Way

WHY am I so sure my secret can "turn the trick" for you? I know because I was



once a 97-lb. weakling. People laughed at my build. I was shy and self-conscious, ashamed to strip for sports. Then I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Since then, thousands who thought they were "born weaklings" have become marvelous specimens of manhood thanks to my



**VALUABLE TROPHY GIVEN AWAY**  
Be the envy of friends! Win this splendid headpiece "Atlas Champion" trophy, open to 19 N. Men! All people eligible.

have sent for it already.) 32 pages packed with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Tells what I can do for YOU. This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Check the information you want (in coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 57H, 115 East 53rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

## What's My Secret?

secret. It worked for me. It worked for them. And now—without cost or obligation—I want you to see for yourself the muscle-building wonders it can work for you.

"**DYNAMIC TENSION**." That's my secret! It's the natural easy method that develops the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own body. NO theory, NO gadgets. Just spend 15 minutes a day right in the privacy of your own room. Within 7 days you start to get **RESULTS** you can see, feel, and measure with a tape or it doesn't cost you one cent! Almost immediately you begin to feel a new power awakening inside of you. You have more energy, brighter eyes, new zip and go. You get avengehammer arms and fists . . . chest and back muscles that ripple with power . . . ridges of solid stomach muscle. You become sure of yourself, respected, admired, successful—you're a **NEW MAN!**

## FREE

Illustrated 32-Page Book  
Tells What My Secret  
Can Do for YOU

SEND NOW for my book describing my famous method.

(Over 100 MILLION follows with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Tells what I can do for YOU. This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Check the information you want (in coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 57H, 115 East 53rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

*Charles Atlas*

Holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the Kind of Body I Want:

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|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> (Check as many as you like)           | <input type="checkbox"/> More Powerful Arms and Grip |
| <input type="checkbox"/> More Weight—Solid—in the Right Places | <input type="checkbox"/> Slimmer Waist and Hips      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Broader Chest and Shoulders           | <input type="checkbox"/> More Powerful Leg Muscles   |
|  | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Sleep, More Energy   |

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

NAME..... (Please print or write plainly) AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

☐ If under 16 years of age check for Booklet A.

## Here Are Just a Few of the Thousands Who Have Become **HE-MEN** My Way:



**Proud of His Build Now.** Gained 20 pounds. "My whole upper trunk is now in proportion to the rest of my body. I'm really proud of my body, thanks to you."—P. V., Va.

**Five inches of New Muscle.** "That is what you have done for me—and in almost no time."—C. W., W. Va.



**"New Health and Strength."** "I feel like a lion. I can easily lift 385 pounds. You gave me new health, strength, and a perfect build."—W. D., N. Y.



# GUY LINES

Behind-the-news report for men on money, women, crime, gadgets

## Guy's Eye on the World

Something crazy is happening to American girls visiting Zurich, Switzerland, this year. Natives say they're dropping all their inhibitions—and clothes—**RUNNING AROUND HOTEL CORRIDORS NUDE**, hunting men. One doctor thinks the altitude may be doing it. . . .

Hottest anti-missile yet is top-secret Project Midas. Kept heavily under wraps by Air Force scientists, the device "**SMELLS OUT**" the blast-off of an enemy missile, nearly doubling the 15-minute warning period that radar gives. . . .

Ex-Miss Universe Isabel Sabli has just topped her last movie performance in which she swam in the raw. Her next one shows her **NAKED FROM THE WAIST UP** through half the flick. Explains producer Armando Bo: ". . . After a few minutes, you won't even notice it. . . ."

Inflation note: Bowery, N.Y. flophouses now hook you for 75 cents. . . . survey shows that 80 out of 100 salesmen goof off between one and four in the afternoon and get away with it. . . . Brewers are trying to sneak over a beer can that's one lousy ounce smaller. . . .

Man to watch in Havana is Fidel Castro's executioner. He's a Yank, named Herman Marks, and he has a record as long as Miss Liberty's arm. The 37-year-old Milwaukeean, described by an ex-warden as "a real stinker," left a list of 32 arrests for: auto theft, robbery, burglary, assault, drunken driving, disorderly conduct. In Jan. '52, he went to prison for "abuse of a minor girl." Marks rates high as an executioner, has directed close to 200 legal bump-offs. One night, he sent 11 guys to kingdom come. Marks' only comment: "Execution is not a pleasant task, but a necessary one. . . ."

Las Vegas mob is still gasping over the ordinary citizen from Beverly Hills, Calif., who went to the Flamingo dice tables with a \$10 bill—and left **ONE HOUR AND 55 MINUTES LATER** with \$112,000. . . .

Escape connoisseurs give the all-time championship to Hans Schaar-

schmidt, who chewed his way to freedom. Imprisoned in Gera, Germany, he gnawed through two 6-inch square bars. . . . Next time they caught Hans, they put him behind triple bars—even though his choppers were worn down to the nub. . . .

Surveyers amazed by night-and-day differences between smokers and non-smokers—The weed-puffers are job-switchers, wife-swappers, hospital-goers, sports-lovers. The non-smokers are just the opposite. . . .

In Jamaica, British West Indies, they don't worry about sin. Every sinner



keeps a "jumble" in a jar, stopped up with a corncob. After each sin, the boy or girl takes the stopper out of the bottle, releasing the jumble (a sort of do-gooder ghost) who beats the jebabers out of the evil forces in his master's soul. . . .

Green-eyed gals, say psychologists, are the willing-est. . . . Alec Guinness, the famed thespian, is such a milktoaster that he ends every sentence in whispers. . . . Sailors back from Papeete report that loads of South Sea island dolls prefer skinny guys to heavy-muscled types. The reason: the girls figure that when an undernourished character can out-wrestle a doll, he must have some kind of magic. . . .

Newest. **INSANEST TREND OF THE BEATNIKS**: to put a crew-cut wig over their long locks and don flannels for a "weekend like normal." Biggest "new kick" for the boys is to stay off of H—and actually make love to a GIRL.

Chess isn't just a slowboat game for double-dames. . . . In the old days, really keen chess artists would play for high stakes, and when dough ran out, bet parts of their body. (Pots of boiling ointment were kept on the table so that losers could cauterize the stump of a finger or toe and then get on with the next game. . . . A Sultan of Egypt once banned chess-playing as a game for foupals and trouble-makers. . . .

King Canute the early English king got so browned off because one of his ears licked him consistently that he had the man assassinated. . . . A Count of Flanders was captured in battle; his wife could have ransomed him, but wouldn't because he'd recently checkmated her. . . . Most incredible chess yarn of all concerns Count Istvan Szechenyi, noted European scientist, who popped his cork over business worries and was placed in a mental hospital. Knowing the count was a chess addict, doctors hired a young student to play with him three hours each day. After six years, the count played his way back to sanity. **BUT THE STUDENT WHO'D CURED HIM WITH CHESS HAD LOST HIS OWN MIND** . . .

## Guise and Dolls

People with bulging heads are **BETTER LOVERS**, say researchers. . . . Even though she's dead, African rain Queen Modjaji II is still sitting up and taking nourishment. According to ancient rites, she's buried in a secret place, in a seated position, with her head above ground. Specially appointed maidens feed her regularly. . . .

Talk about love, a geezer in Elizabeth, N.J. drew 2000 phone calls from a girl he'd jilted, begging him to come back. . . .

English stripper Phyllis Dixey swears that preachers were her best customers—but that it was the women who were always trying to get their hands on her. . . .

If you're dead set on getting yourself a beautiful heirress, here's the very

continued on page 42

# A Practical New Way to End Your Job Worries!

TRAIN AT HOME FOR A SUCCESSFUL FUTURE IN  
**AIR CONDITIONING**  
AND REFRIGERATION

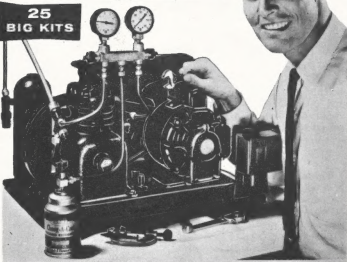


H. C. ANDERSON  
President

If you want an interesting job that pays real well and offers year-round work—get into Air Conditioning and Refrigeration! It's a big, uncrowded field that is well-established—yet growing fast! Each year over 20,000 newly-trained mechanics are needed. No wonder! Today there are 150 million units in use—and each year over 6 million new air conditioners, refrigerators and freezers are manufactured. All units need periodic service and repair. The pay? It ranks with the best!

Refrigeration mechanics is an easy trade to learn... Especially when you get your training through CTI. You can learn at home in spare time by practicing with commercial equipment. Get all the facts about this wonderful new way to acquire a highly-profitable technical education. Mail coupon today for fact-filled free booklets. No obligation whatever.

25  
BIG KITS



## Easy Way to Start a Business

Own a business—and enjoy independence. Thrill to the satisfaction of being the boss. Give orders—not take them! The refrigeration field is ideal for getting started on your own. You can make friends as you make service calls. In time, you'll have a list of potential customers. You can also sign service contracts with food stores, taverns, restaurants, etc. Thousands of CTI graduates have their own successful small shops.

## Get Into Auto Air Conditioning

Experts say that over 400,000 air conditioners are to be installed in autos this year. The field is growing very fast. Already auto shops are advertising for skilled air conditioning mechanics. Opportunities are excellent for starting repair shops. Some day, air conditioners will be standard equipment on cars. So get in on the ground floor now. Our catalog has information on this specialized, profitable field. It's worth looking into.



## TYPICAL LETTERS FROM SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS

"I have been very busy. Had an offer to work for an appliance dealer but it looks like I'll be in business for myself before long."  
—Frank Fuller, Wells, N. Y. ... "Am now working in the field. Earn \$40 more per month than before."  
—Frank Krotzer, Houston, Texas ... "I not only got a job, but today am foreman, earning \$60 a week more than before I enrolled."  
—E. E. Hughes, Chicago ... "Have my own business. Only problem is: Too much business!"  
—Conrad King, Cynthia, Ky. You can do as well as these men!

## You Get Experience as You Train Because You Practice with Commercial Equipment

Another CTI first! You learn by practicing—you get experience as you train—because CTI sends you 25 kits. You get all parts and tools to build a heavy-duty, commercial-type, ¼ h.p. condensing unit (illustrated above.) You build an air conditioner, freezer, refrigerator, or milk cooler. You complete 23 field-type projects—do 10 service and trouble-shooting jobs! You "boil down" years of apprentice-like training into months. Kit training perfects your skill, provides practical knowledge, assures useful experience, and helps you learn faster! CTI makes your home a training center.

## Earn Extra Cash in Spare Time as You Train

Because CTI training is so practical, you'll soon be making profitable service calls. Perhaps you'll work "on your own." Or, you may prefer to get a part-time job with a local appliance dealer or air conditioning contractor. You can add to your income this way. With extra cash, you can buy additional shop equipment, pay your tuition, even bank money. Be sure to mail coupon for complete details. Act today!—Commercial Trades Institute, Chicago 26, Illinois.

## COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE

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CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

DEPT. R-571

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## THE OUTDOOR GUY

Inside tips for the outside man with a yen for guns, boats, fishhooks, and getting away from it all . . .

GUY

If you have the stomach for it, the big-deal fishing adventure of this or any other is waiting up in Alaska. It's the so-called "monster mystery fish." Weighing up to 125 pounds, it's said to destroy caribou and other large animals when they try to swim across rivers. Boys at the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service say natives are so scared of *Tikchik* (as they call the monster) that they refuse to paint their kayaks for fear of attracting him. . . .

This season, you'll find low-cost, high-yield watersport at several of the revamped State Parks—the Ozarks have 12 artificial lakes that are terrific, right where Missouri, Arkansas and Oklahoma shake hands. And, if there are womenfolk involved, you can lure them to the good fishing country in the cool, cool, West Virginia mountains—where the State has whopped up some *nifty new lodges*. Other jazzed-up, low-ticket campgrounds: Fishing Bridge Camp Ground, Wyoming, and Padre Island, on the Texas Gulf Coast, *with the biggest damn beach in the world*. . . .

Some wild new wrinkles: A skin-diver's suit of vinyl sponge, complete with repair kit (you glue it back together). The uniform is rumored to be 20% warmer inside—and a whale of a lot more buoyant than standard suits. . . . Trollers, spinners and casters are advised to pick up the new fishing line fasteners, weighing only 1/120 oz. They hold lures at the end of the line, boost line-strength by half. . . . You needn't dig for those worms any more; some clever character came up with a worm bucket that opens top and bottom, so you catch the wrigglers coming and going. . . .

Boatmen, who are getting numerous as mosquitoes around a girl in a bikini, ought to invest in a boat bow light, die cast with a corrosion-resistant chrome plating. . . . The Colt people have a new thrill for the fast-draw crowd—a .22 caliber job in the fancy Buntline Special (long barrel) model for just under 60 clams. . . . For 15 pennies you can be on your way to picking your own little bunk of hunting preserve: it's a 34-page booklet called "Small Tracts" just issued by the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Govt. Printing Office, Washington, D.C. . . . The Scott-Mitchell people (415 S. Broadway, Yonkers, N.Y.) put out a slick outboard service kit for \$9.98—gives you all the tools, only thing you supply is the know-how. . . . For outdoorsmen who never remember to go home, Westclox has something worth considering—the shockproof, \$16.95 Watcharm. . . . It's

also handy for non-clockwatchers, to remind them when to quit work and go fishing. . . .

For weird-fact collectors only: A warmed-up golf ball travels farther. . . . Some rascal stole 20,000 worms from the Cabot, Pa. fish hatchery. . . . New record was set in this year's North American dogsled derby; a guy covered the 70 miles in four hours, 47 minutes and 18 seconds—and, to the shock of veteran Eskimo mushers, the *buffalo* who walked off with the \$2500 marbles was a *tenderfoot* sawbones from Wayland, Massachusetts. . . . Cabo Blanco, Peru, has the biggest fish anywhere—since '52, anglers have brought in 38 black marlin weighing over 1000 pounds.

Fishy tales: Coastal natives of New Guinea catch fish with spider webs. How they do it: a stick of bamboo is bent in the shape of a tennis racket and left near the hideout of the giant arachnids. Overnight, a web is woven that's as strong as whipcord. . . . The webs are also used sometimes as bait; when fish get them in their mouths, the strands so entangle the fish's choppers that he's easily boated. . . . According to license sales figures, there are nearly a million new Izaak Waltons fighting you for the old fishing hole this year. . . . Far-out fisherfolk can try fly-fishing in July in arctic Norway; Sport Tours International, at 1250 Avenue of the Americas, New



York, N.Y., is running the show. . . . A psychologist has some interesting findings on the woman appeal of hunters vs. fishermen: "Women instinctively are drawn to the type of man who goes fishing—he seems to offer the perfect combination of the reassuring father-figure and the capable lover. . . . Hunters, on the other hand, tend to frighten women. Perhaps, deep down in her subconscious, she senses his bullet is intended for her. . . ."



# Are you a guy who didn't MARRY THE BOSS'S DAUGHTER?



They tell us it's a good way to get ahead. The tough part is... there aren't enough bosses' daughters to go around. But there's another way to call your shots.

How? Look at the want ads! Business and industry are crying for men with special training. 60,000 Engineers—Industrial Supervisors, Communications and Traffic Specialists are urgently needed. Demand has never been greater—or salaries higher—for trained people.

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Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

# LEAVE 'EM



# LAUGHING

The blonde and the brunette were the best of friends, but rivals, too. They were admiring the new beau one had just found. "His name's Joe Franklin and he dresses beautifully," the brunette said.

"Yes," said the blonde, "and quickly, too."

Women in the East and Near East, for many centuries, have known their place—a few paces to the rear. The men are the unquestioned lords and masters, and ride ahead, unencumbered, while their wives walk along behind them, carrying whatever is to be carried.

That's the way it was, for generations, and perhaps would have remained, if it hadn't been for the late war. Since the conflict, things have changed. There's a new spirit abroad in the world, and it is noted even with Moslem wives. The men still ride and the women still walk, bearing burdens, but they now walk ahead of the men instead of following them.

Asked about this, a proud minor sheik explained: "Many unexploded land mines in this area."

The young lawyer treated his wife to a night on the town. As they were leaving a swank spot a well-stacked blonde greeted him enthusiastically. His wife, thinking the thoughts wives think, asked him who his friend was. "Can't remember her name," he said. "Just a girl I met professionally."

"I'm sure," snapped the wife. "But whose profession—yours or hers?"

He: "Darling, I'll grant your smallest wish."

She: "Do you really mean that?"

He: "Sure, if it's small enough."

The young man turned and looked around the apartment that the girl had invited him up to see.

"Phew," he whistled. "This is a nice place. I suppose they ask a lot for the rent."

"Yes, they do," she told him. "They asked for it nine times last month."

The cleanup detail was working but not doing a very good job. "Make sure you pick up everything that isn't growing shouted the sergeant.

At that moment a lush young teenage girl happened by. Sergeant Jones blew a blast on his whistle.

"Men," he warned them, "that's still growing."

We heard about a Las Vegas showgirl who was offered a trip around the world. "No," she said after puzzling it over for a while. "I think I'll go somewhere else."

Scene: Butcher shop.

Butcher: "What'll you have?"

She: "A pound of kidneys."

Butcher: "Kidneys? You mean kidneys."

She: "I said kidneys, diddle I?"

There's one fellow who's selling elevator shoes for rising young executives.

The detective sergeant burst into the apartment. Three men were sitting around a bridge table. He had had a tip that they were gambling.

"Were you gambling in here?" roared the cop at one of the men.

"Not me, Sarge," said the man innocently. "I stopped in to visit a sick friend."

"What about you?" the bluecoat yelled at the second man. "Were you playing cards?"

"Not me, Sarge," this one said. "My shoelace broke and I stopped in to borrow a new one."

"You were playing cards," thundered the cop at the third man. "I can tell you were playing cards. You've still got the deck in your hands. You were playing cards!"

The man answered quietly. "Was I? With whom?"

We saw a clock repair shop that had a sign in the window: "Cuckoo Clocks Psychoanalyzed Here."

Mrs. Ladeda called her new maid into the living room.

"I was able to write your name in the dust on this table today. You're terrible. Can't you even dust a table?"

"I may not be able to dust, ma'am, but you aren't so smart either. You spelled my name wrong."

You hear about the fellow who put "cotton" labels on all his woolen clothes to fool the moths?

The father spied his daughter lying on the beach. A handsome, tall lifeguard stood over her lovely, lithe young body.

"I've just resuscitated her," the lad said to the distraught father.

The father exclaimed furiously. "Then you'll have to marry her, young man."

When a woman says "no," she means "maybe." When she says "maybe," she means "yes"—but what does she mean when she says "phooey"?



Heard a good one lately? Pass it along to Leave 'Em Laughing Editor, Banner Magazines, 303 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y. For each joke used we'll pay \$10. Sorry, no jokes can be returned.

# Which?

YOUR OWN GROWING LIFETIME BUSINESS OR THE SAME OLD SALARY & POSSIBILITY OF LAYOFF

## STEP UP NOW...OWN A BUSINESS!

### We Train and Establish You to become a home furnishings cleaning expert

#### Get in on "Ground Floor" Of Rapidly Growing Industry

If you've longed for the prestige and financial independence of your own business, here's your opportunity to get in on the ground floor of one of today's fastest growing industries—the home furnishings cleaning field. You must, however, be honest, diligent and able to make a small investment in a business we help you build. If needed, we'll help finance you. Business quickly established. No shop needed.

To help assure your success, you will be trained at our factory-training school and at a dealership near you. You will learn the Duraclean System and our successful plan for building customers. A staff of experts at Headquarters will work with you continually. When you write, phone or come in, they give you immediate assistance on an individualized basis.

This is a sound, lifetime business that grows from REPEAT orders and customer RECOMMENDATIONS. Alert dealers can gross an hourly profit of \$9.00 on own service, plus \$6.00 on each serviceman.

#### We Help You Grow

In addition to continuous counsel and guidance from the staff at Headquarters, our MUTUAL COOPERATION program gives you 25 regular services: *National Advertising* in *House Beautiful*, *House & Gardens* plus dozen others. *Trade Magazine Advertising* to help you secure agencies. *Products Insurance*, *Copyright*, *Patented Ads*, *Musical Commercials*, *Local Promotional Materials*, *Conventions*, *Monthly Magazine* and others.

**REPEAT AND VOLUNTARY ORDERS.** Demonstrations win new customers. Dealers find repeat and voluntary orders become a major source of income. Customers tell friends and neighbors.

#### Start Part or Full-Time

A moderate payment establishes your own business—pay balance from sales. We furnish electric machines, folders, store cards and enough materials to return your rosette investment. You can have your business operating in a few days. Mail coupon today!

World-wide Service...



28 years of proven success

Nationally Advertised

#### IF EMPLOYED, START PART-TIME

##### What Dealers Say

**W. Lookiehl** (St. Louis) My 28th year began during depression and built business on good service.



**B. Chilcote** (N. Pierre) Duraclean say gross \$9.00 per hour. I gross up to \$12.00. Many dealers do much better.



**M. Lyons** (Chgo) 3rd year should hit \$100,000. 2nd was \$60,000; 1st \$40,000. Fldgs help make it possible.



**E. Reddick** (Hampton, Va.) Did \$600.00 first 12 days in January. My business keeps growing each month.



**A. Wilson** (Tulsa) Made \$129 this month working alone. Duraclean outperforms all competitors.



#### Advantages of Duraclean's Process Win Over Customers

Duraclean's growth to a world-wide service resulted from customer convenience plus its many superlatives over ordinary cleaning. Housewives, clubs, hotels, offices and institutions deeply appreciate not having furnishings out of use for days and weeks.

They are thrilled when they see their carpets and upholstery cleaned with a new consideration for its life and beauty. Duraclean doesn't merely clean... it restores natural lubrication to wool and other animal fibers. Colors revive. The reinvigorated rug and carpet pile again stand erect and even. An airtight foam created by the electric Foamovator (left) vanishes dirt, grease and many unsightly spots... without scrubbing. Customers tell friends how Duraclean has eliminated the customary soaking, shrinking and breaking of fibers from harsh machine scrubbing... how the mild, quick acting foam, lightly applied, provides safety from color runs and roughens fabrics they have previously experienced... how fabrics look fresher, brighter and look cleaner... how convenient it is not to have furnishings gone.

They appreciate the courteous, professional service of Duraclean craftsmen. Such service is NEWS... and it spreads to friends and neighbors. Customers become your best salesman.

#### You Provide a Complete Service

A dealership qualifies you to offer four other services. Thus on many jobs you multiply profits. **Dura-shield:** Soil-retarding treatment which keeps furnishings clean so much longer. **Dura-proof:** Protects against moth damage. It's backed by an International 6-Year Warranty. **Dura-guard:** Flameproofing treatment which reduces fire damage. Theatres, hotels, homes offer huge potential. **Speckcraft:** Products which enable you to handle most all spot or staining problems.

#### Easy Terms

No experience necessary! Some dealers establish shops or an office... others operate from home. Service may be rendered on location. Auto dealers buy your Duraclean service to revive upholstery in used cars. Almost every building houses a potential customer needing your services. You enjoy big profits on both materials and labor. We show you 27 ways to bring customers to you.

#### Backed by Famous Awards



#### What Manufacturers Say

"(Duraclean) standards in keeping with service to which... carpets and consumer are entitled." —*Autos* (American Viscose Corp)  
"superior to any on-location process with which I'm familiar." —*President, Modern Tufting Co.*  
"I approve this process... in keeping with better service to Mrs. Housewife." —*Adm. Reg. Miller*

#### FREE Booklets Tell How!

Letter and illustrated booklets explain urgently needed services, waiting market, large profits, PROTECTED territory. Send coupon for free facts today.

#### Mail Coupon—You Get Free Booklets!

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DURACLEAN CO., 9-D99 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill.  
WITHOUT OBLIGATION, show me how I may enjoy a steadily increasing life income in my OWN business. Enclose FREE booklets and free details.

Name .....  
Address ..... County .....  
City ..... State .....

DURACLEAN CO., 9-D99 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill.

This disputed road was scene of shoot-out between Link and Sproul. Williams built stone barriers to stop intruders



The muzzle was six inches from Sproul's groin.  
Suddenly, a hail of bullets ripped through flesh

**SAGA OF A 1958 GUNSLINGER**

# the CRAZY BLOOD-FEUD of LINK





Link stood there, tall  
in the sun, and fought  
the world for a thing  
he loved. Did this make  
him hero—or fool?



Sproul: the moving target

by MATTHEW GANT

**GUY**

Any minute you expected a movie director to yell, "Cut!"

The two men were cast perfectly. One was tall and rangy—a shade under six feet in his stocking feet, but taller in Western high-heeled boots—broad-shouldered, dark, sneering, tough.

The other man was short, stocky, calm-faced—almost apologetic-looking, in fact—balding, fair-skinned, big-nosed, soft-spoken.

And the sun slanted down on them—a real sun, not a Hollywood klieg-light, but the real sun of the first day of summer, June 21, beating down on a dusty road in rolling cattle country in eastern Oregon. (There'd been a heat spell, to make matters hotter, dryer, and maybe a mite more short-tempered.)

It wasn't a high-noon sun, because the time of day was not quite 10 A.M. But it was high enough, and plenty hot.

The two men were armed to the teeth. The tall one had a Winchester rifle, and two six-shooters. The shorter one had a rifle, and a pistol in a holster hung from his neck.

Minutes later, guns blazed, and a man died.

So if it wasn't a movie set, then it had to be the Old West—that far-away never-never land of the 1870's or '80's, where men carried weapons and settled their disputes with bullets, where townfolk turned their eyes and said, "God's will," and buried the dead.

The date was June 21, 1958. . . .

They'll never write a ballad of Harland (Link) Williams, but they could. If they can sing about Tom Dooley, and if they can write the *Ballad of Al Capone* (as they just have written), if they can jerk tears for that cold-blooded tart and killer (Continued on page 14)



**WILLIAMS**

## THE CRAZY BLOOD-FEUD...

Barbara Graham and even write a song about her, too, as they did, why, maybe we can write one now, for Harland (Link) Williams. Maybe it could go:

*He was a hating man, Link Williams,  
He was a hating man.  
He straddled his road,  
A gun was his code.  
Oh, he had a hating thirst, by God, by God.*

*It's you or me, Bobby Sproul, cried Link,  
It's gonna be you or me.  
So he closed down his road  
And fought by his code,  
And they carried one out feet first, by God.*

*You ain't gonna use this road, cried Link,  
You ain't gonna use my road.  
Bobby Sproul came by  
And one had to die,  
And Link Williams' heart lay burst, by God,  
Link Williams' heart lay burst.*

Or maybe: He was born too late.

This is Fox Valley, north of the town of Mount Vernon in eastern Oregon's Grant County. To the north and east, the Blue Mountains. Right here, rangeland, rotted with stunted juniper and scraggy pine, the tangle of sagebrush. You just have to know the names of the nearby towns to know the people: Fox, Top, Izee, Unity, Greenhorn, McCoy, Range. And there's a creek just south: Murderers' Creek.

They wear cattlemen's boots here, big-brimmed hats, lightly dented on top (not caved in like Texas stovepipes, just kind of kissed once with the heel of the hand); they wear open-throat shirts and

bandannas and cowboy pants. Men buy shoes—white ones—for their own wedding; then they put them away carefully and put their boots back on. On Saturday night, there's a brawl or three when the boys hit town; they bet on anything, not big betting, but friendly—like a quart or two of whiskey on the weight cattle will bring at a July sale.

The county seat is Canyon City. Population: 600. Once, after the gold rush of 1862, it was the biggest, wildest, roaringest boomtown in America. Then the gold ran thin. Here, Joaquin Miller, that cornpone poet of the Sierras, built himself a cabin; it still stands.

And here last summer, they fought the last duel of the West, the last dusty road showdown, the last vestige of a civilization most people thought long dead (but no, it was only dying, not dead), a throwback to the time one man said Yes and one man said No, and in between was a chasm deep as a grave.

The little man shot dead the big one; the quiet fair-skinned soft-spoken apologetic-looking pushed-around one killed the dark bullyboy. In a way, the perfect end, the kind of ending the movie-makers like.

But it wasn't the movies, and nothing's perfect in real life. When Link Williams fell, there were 17 holes in him. It wasn't ketchup that pumped out of his chest; it was life's blood.

Nothing's perfect. You can't duel in 1958. So there was a trial and newspaper headlines, and words like *True Bill* and *Objection* and *Sustained*, and a judge telling a jury there were five possible verdicts it could bring in.

The last duel of the Old West was fought in the New West, and two civilizations tangled. . . .

Link Williams was a

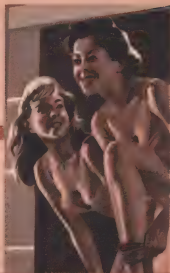
(Continued on page 77)



Tension in Canyon City courtroom is shown on faces of Bobby Sproul and lawyer (left) as they wait for jury's verdict. Grimness of case also carried over to spectators in corridors outside

BEST-SELLING TRUE BOOK BONUS

# Women's Barracks



First time in a magazine—here is the book that shocked three million readers . . . the true, no-punches-pulled diary of a French woman soldier that tells of 100 young girls thrown intimately together. In particular, it's the story of the girl Ursula, who knew too little of love, and the girl Claude, who knew too much . . .

by TERESKA TORRES

**GUY**

When the war began, I was in my last year of school at the convent of St. Celestine. I was seventeen and unobtrusive, though not really plain. I had never even gone out with a boy. I had been raised in the warm family seclusion that is characteristic of respectable French families. My mother's parents lived with us in our small house near Orléans.

My father was a sculptor, and most of the friends of our family were, I suppose, middle-class people—university professors, some minor

government officials, writers, and other artists. I was an only child, and was therefore ambitious to become the mother of a large brood.

Then the war was upon us. Papa enlisted. During the long winter of the "phony war" we felt secure. Then the war began in earnest. Papa was at the front, and we were sure France would win.

When the Germans reached Liège, Mother said we would have to leave Paris. I said she was out of her mind. I said the Germans would never get



## WOMEN'S BARRACKS ...

as close to Paris as they did in the last war. A week later the Germans were at the Meuse, and my mother and my grandparents insisted that we should prepare to leave.

And so one day in May I took off the navy-blue uniform dress of my convent school, and with my mother and my grandparents I left Paris. We were in danger, my mother said, because of our origins—her parents, who had come from Poland, were Jewish.

We had heard nothing from my father for several weeks. Then there was the news of the disaster at Dunkirk. Perhaps my father was there, helping the English.

Everyone was leaving Paris. We went to St. Jean de Luz, where we stayed with my father's cousins.

I was sent back to my studies, to prepare for my graduation examination, which I should have taken that year in Paris. I passed it at last, at





When the mocking laughter of the other girls shook little Ursula, it was the beautiful sophisticated blonde who comforted her

Bayonne, and was qualified to enter college. The day of my graduation was the day when France signed her armistice of defeat.

I was only a girl, scarcely out of my childhood; I didn't understand what was happening at all, but I was shocked beyond comprehension. We had been promised victory, and we were being handed defeat. There was still no news of my father. My mother wept all day long. And the Germans were coming, everybody said, even to the

south. But nobody knew when they'd reach us.

It was on one of those days that I met one of my mother's friends in the street, and she talked to me about General de Gaulle and his proclamation from London, asking for volunteers for his Free French army. In that moment it became clear to me that the one possible answer to the chaos in which we had been plunged was De Gaulle.

It was then that I began to beg my mother to

## WOMEN'S BARRACKS ...

That morning, Ursula saw she'd made herself an

leave. Day and night I insisted that we had to leave France. Our lives, and the lives of her parents, were in danger. And slowly she began to be persuaded.

On the twenty-fifth of June, 1940, I went with my mother to Biarritz, where there was a Portuguese consulate. We applied for visas for ourselves and my grandparents, and we were among the very last to receive them.

At Figueira da Foz, in Portugal, we found ourselves in a luxurious vacation center with the elite of France and Belgium.

It was there in Figueira da Foz that we received our first news of my father. Some French officers arrived and informed us that my father's division had escaped across the Channel.

We were overjoyed and frightened at the same time. There was a good chance that Father had escaped from France, but was he safe and well? Had he actually arrived in England at all? Nobody knew.

Mother could not leave her aged parents to go to England and search for Father, but I could. A British ship was taking volunteers for De Gaulle's forces, and place was found for me aboard.

After I reached London it took me only a few days to find an army comrade of my father's, and to learn that my father had been taken prisoner. He was to remain in prison throughout the war.

The Free French Forces had just announced that they would recruit women. Here was the very opportunity I had hoped for. I had arrived at the opportune moment, and presented myself on the first day of female recruiting. There, in the large barren hall, I felt that I would at last be transformed from a schoolgirl to a woman with a purpose.

A few score women were already on hand.

In the end, there were to be some five-hundred of us in this service during the war, and more than as many again in an ambulance and nursing corps that was formed later for service in France. Our own group was like the WACS or the ATS. We were to replace men in all sorts of jobs, so that they might be released for combat.

From that first day, we were to be united by one act—our act of volunteering. All of us, workers, students, servants, divorcees, secretaries, the younger and the older, volunteered with the sincere hope of giving ourselves to France—the France beloved of every Frenchwoman, the France for whom every one of us was certainly ready, on that first day in the recruiting station, to die.

From the recruiting desk I passed into a huge, cold, gloomy room where a dozen young women stood shivering, naked, waiting their turns for the medical examination. The first one with whom I became acquainted was Mickey, for, with her easy, impulsive way, she was never slow to greet a stranger. A rather tall girl, with the gawkins of a figure just out of adolescence, she commented freely and laughingly as she looked about, finding something extremely droll in the military air that we all tried to assume. As she watched the physician, hurried and coarse, examining

the teeth and eyes of the girls while keeping up a stream of questionable pleasantries, Mickey remarked that it was funny to be getting acquainted with the bodies of our future comrades before we even knew their names.

Mickey said she had just escaped from France, where she had been spending her summer holiday with her aunt and uncle. Mickey's parents were in Scotland, where her father taught French in a small college.

Heers was a slim, boyish, somewhat gawky figure in perfect modern style, marred only by a few pimples on her shoulders, a temporary blemish.

"What you need is to make love. That'll get rid of those pimples for you," said a slightly older woman, winking at Mickey confidentially.

Mickey laughed, almost as though the whole thing were agreed upon; after all, she was eighteen, and the day was coming when she would "make love."

In a corner a little girl awaited her turn, seated on a chair. She had pulled up her slender legs and hugged them close, so that all one could see of her was her head of glossy chestnut hair, cut in a page-boy bob, falling straight and thick on both sides of her face. Her legs hid her body, while her forehead rested on her narrow, boyish knees. Trembling with cold, she hugged her legs closer to her body. The older woman's advice to Mickey and the coarseness of the woman's laughter seemed to strike the little girl, for she reacted as from a muddy-handed slap. This was Ursula.

I noticed her then, noticed how her frail body contracted at the crude words. Instinctively she passed her fingers over her face, and she turned her head away a trifle. Later, when I came to know her well, Ursula told me that this had somehow been a terrible moment for her; not that what was said was in itself so coarse, but because she had never before completely undressed in front of others and because the ease, the very naturalness of the remark and the assumption that went with it, not only for Mickey but for all of us, gave her her first shock of reality, her first sense of what our coming life might be like. At that moment, she later told me, she felt as though a kind of dirtiness had entered her, and was sliding down her throat.

I wasn't the only one who noticed her revulsion, for a silken-looking young lady standing beside Ursula said, "I hate vulgarity, don't you? My name is Jacqueline. I'm from Grenoble? And you?"

Ursula told her name and said that she was from Paris.

"You're cold," Jacqueline said. "Take my coat. How old are you?"

Ursula seemed to hesitate. When we became friends she confessed that she was wondering, then, whether to reply with her official age, eighteen, or with her real age—just short of sixteen! She hesitated, for Ursula never learned how to lie quickly, and she ended by saying that she was seventeen. That seemed an honest compromise to little Ursula.

"You look fourteen," Jacqueline declared, with her

## outcast in the eyes of her comrades in the "Virgins' Room"

patronizing knowingness that was to become so familiar to us. "You still look like a baby, really. Listen, I'll help you out. I'll get us assigned to the same dormitory."

Ursula thanked her. And yet, despite her frail and childlike air, she was, as we were to learn, quite a determined little person, used to living alone and managing for herself. Her parents were divorced, and she had been raised in a variety of schools and by servants, by cousins, by nurses, in the course of travel from place to place. Indeed, she showed some embarrassment at the sudden possessiveness with which Jacqueline, aristocratic even in her nudity, had taken charge of her, and she politely refused the coat Jacqueline had offered.

A door opened and a woman in uniform entered. "All those who have completed their examinations come and get uniforms," she shouted.

The corporal behind the table took our measures at a glance. "Sizes medium and large." She tossed each of us a jacket and a skirt of rough hard wool, two khaki shirts, two neckties, a pair of stockings, a rose-colored brassiere, a linen undershirt, a pair of knee-length khaki jersey panties, and shoes.

We all began to dress, emitting little cries, laughing. We tried to knot our ties, to button skirts that were too large and jackets that were too small.

The only one who seemed to know how to knot her tie properly was a strapping large girl with a boyish haircut, who looked immediately natural and in her place in uniform. When she had finished dressing she glanced around the room and called out to the corporal, "Do you want me to help you?" She had a heavy, almost masculine voice contrasted with her expression, which was a little oppressive, and predominantly sad.

The corporal accepted her help, and I think that several of us noted, mentally, that the large calm girl with her air of self-possession and an ability to command would make good officer material.

"What's your name?" the corporal asked.

"Ann," the other replied in her deep voice, and the light feminine name seemed unsuited to her.

Ursula was among the girls before the counter. Ann handed her a uniform, and then helped her to dress and to knot her tie. She had a friendly, easy way of being helpful—like a big brother.

The corporal shouted, "Form ranks in pairs, and try to march in step if you can. Forward march!"

A few passers-by turned to look at us. I wondered whether they could possibly realize how much that march meant to us. We were literally marching into a completely new life.

The silken Jacqueline, noisy Mickey, and Little Ursula where in my dormitory, and from the first we were somehow drawn together. The reason came out, perhaps when a young woman with a large full mouth and an absolutely round face approached our little group, and standing facing us asked, without any preliminaries, whether we were virgins.

Mickey began to laugh. Jacqueline assumed a haugh-



Strangely, Ursula liked being lifted in Philippe's arms. She thought, so this is how it is with a man

ty, offended air. Ursula simply blushed and said yes. On the instant, our dormitory was baptized "The Virgins' Room"—though the young woman who had asked the question could obviously not be included in that category. Her name was Ginette, and she informed us that she was a salesgirl and a divorcee. She undressed, promenading naked among the cots, and declared to Jacqueline, "You know, the best thing about my face is my legs."

In general, Ursula didn't know how to make conversation. This was probably due to the queer childhood she had had. Little Ursula, as we came to know, worshiped France with all her soul, because she had nothing else to worship.

"When I am grown up," she would say, and then suddenly she would realize that she was already grown up, that she was nearly sixteen and she was a soldier. And she would look terrified.

One day we were assigned to house cleaning.

Toward evening, a truck unloaded straw for mattresses—and also a batch of five new recruits, who were immediately sent off to peel vegetables in the kitchen. Ursula and I had just finished cleaning the three bathrooms. She had been chattering rather easily most of the day, and I had begun to feel that I understood this frail girl, who nevertheless was streaked through with decided, even passionate elements of character.

As we came out on the stairway we noticed one of the newcomers crossing the hall, laden with a huge pile of straw. It was a lady. A lady such as one saw in films. At first glance, the lady appeared fairly young—thirty or thirty-two. But on closer scrutiny one saw that she was somewhat older.

Ursula stood still

(Continued on page 43)



# LT. TUNNADINE'S

One of his engines was gone, his co-pilot's

**GUY**

It is a peaceful, ordinary flight.

The big Hastings transport of the RAF drones on, like a stupid bird, through the star-speckled African night.

Below the plane, 8500 feet down, the Libyan desert glows silver-white as the moon bounces off its silent surface.

It is a peaceful, ordinary flight.

The passengers are so comfortable, so unconcerned, they begin to doze off in the cabin. One by one they fall asleep. Even the co-pilot yawns and stretches.

"You better get some sleep, Bennett," the pilot says. "You'll be flying the next stage after Castel Benito."

"Right, Skipper," says Flight-Lt. Bennett. He doffs his headgear, stands up, balances his way back to the wardroom, stretches out on the rest-bed. The throbbing lullaby of four powerful motors, smoothly purring, soon puts him to sleep.

It is a peaceful, ordinary flight. Except for one thing:

A shadow of a doubt.

The officer sitting in the passenger cabin was a Hastings pilot himself, though from a different squadron. Now he was just a passenger. Flying the plane wasn't his business. Yet he was aware of a persistent, annoying vibration. It was very slight, but it still bothered him. Minutes went by and the vibration continued. Whatever it was the crew hadn't noticed it. When the air quartermaster came through the cabin the officer waved him over.

"I say—do you hear that? Sounds like one of the engines has become de-synchronized."

The sergeant cocked his head and listened. "Now that you mention it, sir, think I do. I'll check up forward."

The air quartermaster poked his head into the flight engineer's cubbyhole. Sgt. Johns was slumped in his seat, reading a ragged copy of *Punch* by the instrument panel light. He looked up.

"Complaint from the first-class compartment," the air quartermaster said. "Feeling vibration. Think one of the engines is de-synched."

"Can't hear a thing," Sgt. Johns said and swept his glance across the rev counters. "And every engine is right on. Too many cooks, that's what it is."

The air quartermaster nodded his solemn agreement. Twenty-four of their 27 passengers this flight were Hastings crew members like themselves. The two sergeants couldn't be blamed for thinking the vibration was imaginary.



# FOUR-MOTORED COFFIN

arm was torn off and the wind whistled through the plane like a banshee

by HARRY HARRISON

The air quartermaster started back to the passenger cabin; there was a loud explosion in the crew compartment. The plane shuddered and rocked as if it had been hit by a shell. "What the hell was that?" he shouted, and dived towards the door.

It was exactly 8:45 P.M., December 20, 1950. Hastings TG574 had reached its appointment with destiny.

There was a sharp smell of smoke in the wardroom, though it was quickly driven away by the cold air whistling in through a ragged hole in the fuselage. Bennett, the co-pilot, was lying on the floor under a pile of wreckage. The sergeant rushed over to him.

"Are you badly hurt, sir?"

Bennett was deathly white and his voice barely audible over the sound of the engines.

"I'm afraid . . . so, sergeant . . . my right arm was gone. . . ."

The tough RAF sergeant pulled away some of the wreckage and went pale himself. Bennett's arm looked like it had been fed into a bandsaw. There was nothing the sergeant could do for him.

"There's a doctor in the cabin, sir. I'll fetch him."

After getting the doctor, the air quartermaster reported to the pilot, but could only give it part of his attention. He had other things to worry about—like how to fly a ship that had no controls.

At the instant of the explosion the wheel had gone limp in his hands. The ship also began to lose height, turning to the left. Tunnadine dragged back on the control column. Nothing happened. He couldn't return the plane to course either, the rudder wouldn't respond. There was sweat on his forehead in the cool cabin.

He spared a quick glance to the right. Both starboard engines looked fine. Then to the left.

The inboard port engine was gone. In its place was a gaping, twisted hole in the wing.

At 8:45 Graham Tunnadine had been flying a smooth-running plane. At 8:46 one engine had vanished into nowhere and his controls weren't operating. His plane was spiraling down toward the ground a mile and a half below. It was the kind of spot that every pilot has nightmares about. This was no nightmare. It had really happened.

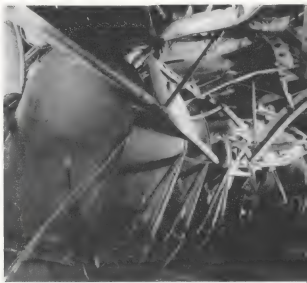
There were only seconds to think as the controlless plane dived down to the silver sand of the desert. There were 33 people aboard—and Hastings aircraft do not carry parachutes.

Tunnadine had no idea what had happened, had no time to even care

(Continued on page 66)



Hastings TG574 came in without being able to see runway, hit 600 yards short, bounced and slid rest of the way on its back



Aftermath of crash was installation of back-facing seats in all British planes; value was proven at Tunnadine disaster



## EPIC OF THE CENTURY: ONE MAN'S 150-DAY FROZEN SURVIVAL

# 'YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME... I'LL CUT MYSELF APART'

**GUY**

Erkki Tuppela crouched panting in the snow behind an ice-encrusted log and listened, rifle ready. Frost rimmed his beard, spangled his fur cap, parka and faded blue jeans. He spat to relieve the dryness in his mouth from the long run. The spittle froze and crackled in mid-air. *Must be 50 below already, he thought. Got to watch out for skin ice on the river. Get wet in this cold and I'm done for.*

Tuppela had hurtled 20 lung-bursting miles across the frozen tundra of Alaska that October night in 1900, swindled of his Nome gold mine and forced to flee from his red-haired girl, Myrtle. Now he bulked his oaken frame low in the snow of the gray Arctic night and listened to the approaching dog sleds and the shouts of Alexander McKenzie's bounty hunters, mushing and gee-ing implacably toward him. There were 30 of them paid in stolen gold to kill the honest, sandy-haired giant who had defied a ring of political thieves controlling boomtown Nome.

Beating his huge mittened hands against his chest to ward off the piercing cold, Tuppela shouldered his pack, heaved up again, and lumbered through the dawn until he reached the frozen-over Tonnowan River. There he hesitated; his blue eyes roamed over the snow blanketed river. In places the drifts covered

Erkki Tuppela swore that neither the  
wolves nor the 30 bounty hunters would  
get him—even if it meant tearing  
off his own flesh and bone

by PETER MONATH

*continued on page 24*





He made an arc-like cut around the knee, peeled the skin back and severed the bone. Then he collapsed on the red snow

He stood there on the tundra with a piece of wolf-bone in his hand, a weakened, bled, flesh-torn

## YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME...

only a thin layer of ice, through which he might stumble. He was studying the river for signs of such traps when the first shot from the bounty hunters whined overhead. He'd been spotted; he had no choice but to cross.

Midway over the Tonnowan it happened. His left foot suddenly crashed through an air hole in the ice and he slammed face downward, dropping his pack and rifle, his foot wedged tight in the air hole, cut by the ice and instantly numbed by the frigid currents.

Cursing, he hurriedly dug his sheath knife into the ice for leverage, strained his way free of the trap, and reached for his pack and rifle.

The rifle was gone. It had slid through the air hole into the river. He was weaponless. All he could do now was run and pray that circulation would return to his frozen leg.

Zig-zagging to the far shore of the river, Tuppela tore through the brambles of the river bank and surged on mile after mile until his pursuers were lost in the vast, white reaches behind him. Then he made a fire and stripped off his left moccasin and sock.

His toes were black. The cut oozed green. The foot was hard to the ankle. Where he touched it with his knife it bled but he felt nothing. Gangrene. He would have to cut off his lower left leg or die.

Quickly Tuppela tied his belt around his thigh for a tourniquet, then made an arc-like cut around the knee and peeled back the skin to expose the joint. Shuddering and gasping he sheared through the upper tendons and cartilages, then, convulsed with pain, sawed through the nerve centers and femoral artery.

A Niagara of blood gushed to the snow. Moaning, Tuppela staunched the blood with moss and braced himself for the last torture. With a burning piece of wood he seared shut the veins in the live flesh of the stump. Then he collapsed into a feverish reverie through which swam the jackal face of Alexander McKenzie, who'd robbed him of his mine, a dream which came the sparkling eyes of Myrtle, the gingham girl with the swing to her walk. . . . Myrtle, his mine, McKenzie. . . . McKenzie. . . .

Erkki Tuppela and Alexander McKenzie came to Alaska for the same thing: gold. Tuppela came to dig for it. McKenzie came to carry it off in a bundle of red tape. Their meeting, and subsequent battle, is an epic tale of skulduggery and endurance.

In 1897 newspapers headlines the world over screamed "TONS OF GOLD IN FABULOUS KLONDIKE," and tens of thousands of men stampeded to the Yukon, among them 28-year-old Erkki Tuppela. In his teens Tuppela had left his peaceful farm in Finland to adventure on the oceans, and now he left the sea to make his fortune in gold. He headed for Nome, where the Alaskan nuggets glittered brightest.

Alexander McKenzie was not a stamperder. He was a politician, whose influence extended as far as the

White House. The story was, he could grab anything.

All through 1898 and 1899 Tuppela labored at his Nome mine, while McKenzie lobbied in Washington. Piously, McKenzie presented evidence of claim disputes in the Nome area; he suggested a district judge be appointed to serve Nome's citizens. At last he maneuvered a bill through Congress calling for a district judge of Nome empowered to throw into receivership any legally doubtful claim. And the judge could choose his own receiver and the receiver could choose his own prosecuting attorney.

The judge was McKenzie's dear friend, Arthur Noyes. Just the man for McKenzie, since Noyes' infrequent attacks of ethics could always be soothed by applications of whiskey. Joseph Wood, a political hack who'd never dare scramble a big butter-and-egg man, was picked as district attorney.

It was the sweetest piece of legal thievery Washington had ever seen, as open and above board as a coffin. And the Nome Claim Steal, as students of grand larceny have come to call it, might have succeeded, too, except for the indestructibility of Erkki Tuppela.

McKenzie, Noyes, and Wood arrived in Nome in July of 1900. Noyes' gavel banged mines into receivership with sharklike speed, Wood and his bully boys worked 'round the clock seizing claims, and McKenzie sat and received, and received, and received, until his sack of stolen gold swelled to gargantuan proportions.

Erkki Tuppela heard but little of this sophisticated brigandage. His holdings were not in Nome proper but about ten miles outside. From dawn to dark he sweated at his sluice box and shovel, and panned enough gold to convince him he'd soon strike a bonanza vein. At night he sat in his cabin by the stove and thought of Myrtle, who filled him with a warmth greater than he'd ever known.

Myrtle was a puzzle to this fierce faced, kindly giant, who looked like 220 pounds of concrete poured into six foot three inches of human frame. Tuppela remembered her at the last church dance, her long red hair splashing on creamy shoulders as she swung, wasp-waisted, merry and light of foot, through the waltzes and one-steps. Myrtle was unaffected by the cold, primitive life which coarsened most of the Nome women. It seemed to invigorate her until her and her gentle eyes took on a happy sparkle. The spring of her young breasts teased and taunted his slowness, yet left no doubt that her front door was impassable. Myrtle and the mine. First he'd strike it big, then, maybe. . . .

Well, tomorrow he'd see her. Tuppela was short of supplies and Myrtle clerked in Nome's general store. And while he was in town he'd look into the wild stories about crooks and stolen mines.

Tuppela found Nome confused and bewildered that October day in 1900. Instead of boasting of their summer strikes and preparing for the winter freeze-up, the miners did little but weep tales of mines seized by law, of gold dust confiscated by law, of being shot-gunned off their property.

"You're on the list, Squarehead," Tuppela's friend

## man against 1000 pounds of starving bear

Red Duggan said. "They'll get you, too," he warned.

But Tuppela scoffed. "I no worry," he told Red. "This America. Got justice here. Them crooks can't do nothing."

Tuppela bought his supplies and talked to Myrtle. Miners packed the general store and she flirted with every one of them, but all the while her attention was fixed on Tuppela. Her black eyes snapped with indignation as she told him of McKenzie's machinations, and for a moment her full, red lips gentled with worry for Tuppela. She's so tiny, he thought. He assured her no one would take his mine, and set off for his diggings.

A hundred feet from his shack he rounded a bend in the trail and stopped. A stranger stood in the cabin doorway, rifle in hand. More men were moving about inside the shack.

"Hey, you fellas," Tuppela called out. A rifle bullet screamed over his head in reply and he dropped flat to the ground behind a boulder.

"Tuppela," one of the men shouted. "You, Tuppela, we're deputies. The law's taken over your cabin an' mine an' property an' dust. Some says your claim lines ain't straight, an' the law's gonna hold onto what you got 'till its all fixed up."

Rage seized Tuppela. Red had been right, and Myrtle, too. He was being robbed, by law, of all he had sweated for.

Tuppela leaned carefully around the boulder and shot the talkative deputy through the right eye. A hail of answering fire came from the cabin. Bullets whined and wailed around him and chewed at the boulder in front of him.

Tuppela waited until the fusillade slowed, then leaned around the boulder and blew off the top of a deputy's head as he leaned out a window, and shot another deputy through the shoulder. Then he ran. He intended to pick up a pack at Myrtle's cabin, then head for Dawson or Fairbanks.

"Hide here," she begged, after hearing the story. "Them fellas ain't dumb," he told her. "They look here. You better fix me pack."

Quickly she put together everything she had that he might need.

"What's that in the corner?" he asked.

"Dynamite and caps. The surveyors are supposed to pick it up tomorrow."

"I take it," he said, grimly. "I know where to use."

In his gilt and gilded Nome office McKenzie's eyes turned colder than a stacked deck when he heard Tuppela had refused to be pirated peacefully; he sent for the district attorney. Word had already spread through Nome that McKenzie had been defied, and some of the victimized miners were muttering threats of violence.

"Wood," McKenzie told the prosecutor, "This lousy Finn has to be stopped fast. Get some men out to hold his claim and send me your toughest man."

Wood sent Jim Jackson, a journeyman thug from the San Francisco waterfront.

"Raise your right hand," McKenzie ordered.



"Hide here," the girl begged him. Tuppela said, "No. Those bounty hunters aren't so dumb. Fix me my pack"

"Now you're deputy sheriff," McKenzie said. "You know that bastard Tuppela?"

Jackson nodded.

"Get him," McKenzie said. "Get him for \$1500."

"Dead or alive?" Jackson asked.

"Dead or alive or in pieces," McKenzie answered.

Tuppela returned to his cabin and found it swarming with nine deputies. Too many for one man and a rifle. But not too many for one man and a load of dynamite.

Tuppela waited until dark, then crept from cover and snaked 200 yards to the cabin on his stomach, his head and body low.

Carefully he edged under the cabin. A poker game was in full swing overhead; the jugs were being passed around.

Tuppela planted the dynamite, primed and fused it, crawled back to cover, lit the fuse and blew four McKenzie men to bloody damnation.

Jackson and a posse of 30 bounty hunters were on Tuppela's trail within an hour but they couldn't spot him until dawn, at the Tonnowan River, where they fired on him, although he was already out of range. The posse watched Tuppela start across the Tonnowan and prepared to cross after him. Then they saw the disaster.

"Dumb Finn fell through the ice," Jackson shouted to his posse. "That'll do him in better than we could."

"We'll make camp and wait," Jackson announced. "By tomorrow he'll be dead, or as good as dead." Touch the Arctic waters in sub-zero temperature and escape is impossible.

In the morning Tuppela awoke. The bleeding had stopped but his stump was a fury of pain which flamed up through his body, blasting to the base of his skull. *I can't run, he thought. No use even trying for Dawson. I've got to winter-in out here. He cut a tree limb for a crutch*

(Continued on page 73)





# SWEETSVILLE

Two 17-year-old lads on a street corner in Sally Todd's native Phoenix, Arizona, spoke for a generation when they summed up Sally's charms in one word: "Madsville." The older viewer, who sees her from time to time modeling leotards or acting in such movies as *Mamie Stover*, might not put it just that way. It's certain that, if he has ever observed Miss Todd's supple 36-20-36 figure outside these pages, he'd have one of two reactions . . .





## **SWEETSVILLE . . .**

. . . If the male observer is of the enthusiastic, outgoing sort, he'd leap in the air, toss up his fedora and shout "Huzzah!" at the prospect of Sally's appearance in a new, untitled film. Or, if he's of a quieter temperament, he'd pull on his pipe and—borrowing from the teenage set—murmur softly to himself, "Sweetsville. Like, wow."





# YANK SPY and the MISTRESS

GUY

Thomas Aaron Beeler received a telegram in his little bookstore in North Beach, San Francisco. It was April 20, 1958. "Have been attempting to locate you for seven years. Paternal grandfather Beeler's home, vicinity Douglas Woods, Mass., now your possession. Please advise intentions."

The next day Mr. Beeler was flying to New York, and by April 23 he had seen the lawyers and was at the colonial mansion in Massachusetts. He spent one day there rummaging about, then locked the house up, gave orders for its sale, taking with him only an old book he found in the attic and which he intended to read on the plane back to San Francisco.

*"Reminiscence of Aaron Beeler, Private, Grand Army of the Republic. . ."* He turned a few pages. *"I have never felt such cold in my life. It has penetrated the very marrow of my bones."* And a few more pages: *"... The moment I spied her, I knew that a woman of such beauty would be useful."* He continued reading. *"How many times I have regretted that unfortunate happening. . ."*

Winter, 1862, was a time of discontent. And the small, seven man unit was even more discontented than usual. They had been separated from their main forces by a surprise attack led by Col. John Mosby, the Gray Ghost of the Confederacy. The seven men were adrift in the snow of Virginia, near Upperville. Each had only his rifle, his clothes, and a pistol. Sgt. Norris Twoford, in addition, had a big bay gelding.

The men sat huddled around a campfire finishing the last of the single chicken they had managed to steal from a farmyard about six miles away. "What are we going to do now, Sergeant?" asked Aaron Beeler.

"We're stuck here, Beeler," he answered. "I have no idea how far we are from our forces, nor what condition they are in. We'll have to make our way back as best we can."

"Sir," young Beeler spoke again. "Why don't we stay right here? We know we're behind Reb lines and we can live off the land. We would do more



The gimp-legged ghost  
asked for a place to bed  
down—first she made  
him meet her friends:  
a pair of hungry hounds

good hitting at the Rebs from behind, and if we could move fast enough, they'd never know who we were."

The sergeant stood for a moment looking into fire, then glanced at the other men seated around him. "We could be effective," he muttered. "What do you men think?"

Emrich Teague, a tall, bearded soldier in a dirty uniform, spat into the fire. "We could probably get rich while we're at it," he said. He turned to Jim Pike sitting next to him. Both were from southern Massachusetts. "Pike and me, we'll go along with the idea." He chuckled. "We'll steal these Rebs blind."

A small, wiry man, Will Thirton, sitting on the other side of the fire, snickered loudly. "I'm in," he said. "Mebbe we'll find some of them southern women we've been hearin' so much about." Twoford looked at the remaining men, privates Robert Brown and John Howell. "We're with you, Sergeant," they said, almost in chorus.

"Good," Twoford said, "but remember, this will be dangerous, and Teague, you ought to know this. This is not going to be an expedition to steal from the common people around here. We're in this as soldiers, and you're to behave as soldiers."

"I don't think you're in any position to tell us how to behave, Twoford," said Teague. He spat into the fire again. "There are six of us, and just one of you. So I think we'll just go ahead and do as we please."

"Correction, Teague," broke in Beeler. "There



# of GOODBODY HOUSE

by PERNELL D'AMBOY



are three of you and four of us. So be careful."

"We'll talk about it in the morning when we've gotten some sleep," said Twoford. "Teague, you and Pike take the first watch. Two hours. Then wake Beeler and myself. We'll take the second, and Howell and Brown, the third."

The men rolled themselves in their blankets. Sleep didn't come to Beeler. He lay on his side, eyes open, looking into the fading campfire, feeling the pangs of hunger growling in his stomach. He watched Teague and Pike huddled together, whispering. He saw Pike stand up, walk to the wiry man who had thrown in with Teague and shake him awake. "Thirton," Pike said. "Thirton, wake up, me and Em want to talk to you."

The man sat up, shook his head, then rose and walked to the fire, pausing only to pick up his rifle from the ground next to his blanket roll. The three men sat talking. Thirton's snicker floated over the small campsite. Then, Teague's voice: "All right, that's how we'll do it."

Beeler reached over to the sergeant, shook his shoulder until the man roused himself from a weary sleep. Beeler put his lips next to Twoford's ear. "I think something's up, I don't like the way Teague's acting."

At that moment Teague turned around, facing the four men still lying on the ground. "Everybody up," he bellowed. "Wake up." He had his pistol in his hand. When the men had shuffled into wakefulness he spoke again. "I'm taking over this little operation," he chuckled, "and them as don't

like it—well, it's just too bad." He waved the gun.

"Put down that pistol, Teague, you're under arrest. This is mutiny, and I don't intend—" The sergeant's words were stopped by shocking abruptness as the pistol in Teague's hand bucked twice and Twoford's face disappeared in a mass of red muscle and bone. He kicked over backward, rolled once and lay still.

In the momentary confusion, Beeler pulled his gun from its holster and fired once at the three men who had now fallen back out of the ring of light from the campfire. Beeler, Howell and Brown also pulled back and fell in the snow, facing the glowing coals. From the shadows opposite them came Teague's voice. "You'd better give up to us, boys. You haven't got a chance."

Beeler fired at the voice. Teague's mocking laugh floated back to him. In a moment he spoke again. "Get the bay, Thirton, and load him up." Then he fired in the direction of the crouching men. The bullet dug into the hard snow about five yards in front of Beeler's face.

Now a fusillade of shots started, coming from both sides of the fire, but amazingly, no one cried out, no one slumped to the ground. Then gradually the thunder died away, and Beeler heard the thud of the gelding's hoofs as it was led away by the three men. With a shocking flash of realization, Beeler knew that Howell, Brown and himself were left in the field, with only their blankets, guns and clothes. The horse and other supplies, including extra ammunition and powder had gone with the renegades.

Enraged he rose to his feet and flung a shot into the dark. And like a branding iron tearing his flesh he felt the answer in his own thigh. Teague's final shot of defiance hit, and Beeler collapsed, clutching his left leg in pain.

"John and Robert, devoted friends that they were, carried me back to the fire, and there, like surgeons, while I bit on a stick of wood, they extracted the ball from the fleshy part of my thigh. I remember nothing else for that whole night."

"For six days we lived in the midst of hostile territory, surrounded by hostile individuals, while my wound healed, or so we thought, for on the sixth day, the wound reopened, and much puss and foul-smelling material cascaded forth, leaving me in a greatly weakened

(Continued on page 62)

# TUPPER'S



"By golly, George, your wife sure knows how to make a fellow feel at home."



"I'll run and get the cage while you tie the-other-end."



"Why, of course we're roommates—didn't you read the fine print when you accepted the scholarship?"

Cartoonist Bob Tupper has found a way to stay calm through all the storms of life. "Instead of getting mad at myself or someone else, I let off steam by doing a cartoon."

# TANTRUMS



"If you really loved me you wouldn't use a parachute."



"I wouldn't give up this experience of working my way through college for anything."



"Oh, oh—looks like we're in for trouble on this planet!"

## THEY TURNED SAM BUCKMAN'S GREEN HEAVEN INTO HORROR



The first time Sam landed on the island he carried a .45. After the girl's hands touched his body he holstered the automatic for keeps

# TODAY, SLIT-EYE DEVILS COME TO WAHINE ISLE



Lt. Sam Buckman

It was a true paradise,  
complete with a lovely  
naked girl named Raina.  
Then the strange ones  
came, wearing guns and  
talking of black treasure

by BEN FORD

**GUY**

The salt water made his dry mouth burn like an open wound. Great toppling waves beat down on his body and tossed the small yellow survival raft about as if it were a toy. For eight days—though it seemed like eight weeks—Lt. Sam Buckman, USAF, had been drifting on the green endless edge of death, the sea always seeming to swell in over his body, pounding its way through his flesh. His eyes stung and his mouth ached to scream with the thirst that, even now, had made his tongue thick. He remembered all he had ever heard of the way men drifting this way died choking on their own tongues. The sea was a devil. There was no end to it.

And then there was an end. He blinked his eyes, trying to focus against the sun's raw glare. Absently he reached to his breast, touched the fat lifebelt. He grinned slowly. That would save him. Sweet Mae West, he said to himself as the blurred dark blotch ahead of him became sharp lines and then tops of palms, hanging lazily like wind-shattered umbrellas, and white beach reaching back to dense green foliage.

It was an island. Lt. Sam Buckman grinned when he realized it and then the grin softened into an easy kind of laughter. An island! He was safe. Tears rolled down his bearded cheeks.

The raft rose and fell on the waves that brought it closer and closer to the island. He held on, with all his strength, to the sides of the raft. He was exhausted. Hunger had hollowed out deep places in him and thirst had the dead taste of fire in his mouth.

Sam Buckman held on, and he waited, and he prayed. He felt the raft twisting first one way, then the next. He sensed the rise to another wave crest and then the swift descent like falling on a roller-coaster. The wet sand washed over him and then the raft hit the beach, stopped, turned and started to ride out on

the undertow. He jumped free of the raft into the surf and staggered onto the beach, his right hand reaching, almost as if in a dream for the .45 on his hip and then he fell forward, throwing his hands out to break the fall. He was on his hands and knees. The white loose ends of waves washed up about his feet as his fingers clutched happily at the feel of the soft ground, at the wet sand and then felt it become dry as he crawled like an animal on all fours.

It was some time before he realized that he was being watched. His eyes cleared; he caught his breath. Then he saw them standing off at the edge of the sand. There were three girls. He started to smile immediately. He could see fear in the face of one of the girls; she had a bone-handled knife in one hand. She was peering through a thick growth of Hibiscus bushes, their colors catching the sun, turning it yellow and red and pink. *Kauris* and *banyans* towered over ferns that were themselves as high as houses. Huge *barringtonias* with their quadrangular fruit grew all along the edge of the beach.

Not far off, a second girl was on her hands and knees, watching Buckman with dark, frightened eyes. And a few feet from her, looking over her shoulder, was the third girl, also with fear in her eyes, her mouth turned down and partly opened, showing fine white teeth.

Buckman waited for some time. He didn't know if he had the strength to get to his feet. He had no idea what sort of people lived on the island. Perhaps the girls were waiting for him to collapse and then they would fetch the men and would perhaps tear the flesh off his body. He had heard of such things happening. On the other hand, perhaps they were friendly. They would help him. He started to move slowly up the beach towards them. He (Continued on page 36)



**Buckman grabbed barehanded  
for the knife but the man was  
too quick for him. The blade  
ripped deep into his chest**



The women stood on the shore, chattering excitedly, as the mysterious ship appeared

## **SLIT-EYE DEVILS...**

saw the dark, deeply sensuous quality of their faces, the firm youth of their golden bodies and he was saying to himself, "You have dropped down into one sweet deal, you crumb," as he fell forward into the white sand. The last thing he remembered was the touch of their cool hands on his fevered body as they rolled him over onto his back; one of them took the .45 out of his hand. And he remembered waiting for the sound of the gun being fired as he lost consciousness with the sun's white glare burning through his eyelids, right to the very core of him. . . .

The sea this night was calm. The moon was full enough to read by. Summer lay heavy and thick in the air. Sam Buckman stood at the rail of the Dutch freighter, *Armile*, bound for Australia. He had picked up the *Armile* in San Francisco. He had showed the captain, a small man who seemed to have been made of rock and nails and leather skin, just where he wanted to go. He had spread the map out on the table in front of him and had pointed to the tiny dot that was located some 70 miles north of Samoa. The captain said it was a good ways off his regular route. Buckman had placed \$200 down on the table and the captain let his leather mask smile as he took the bills up, counted them slowly and then he asked for 50 more which Buckman gave him. Now in the morning, August 21, 1957, they would let him off on this tiny dot in the Pacific that was unnamed on any map.

As he stood on deck, his mind filled and turned like a kaleidoscope with memories that formed first one picture, then another, shifting constantly.

He reached into his pocket and took out the single black pearl he had kept for luck. He had sold the others. He turned it over and over between his fingers. He held it up to the flat light of the moon and saw its blackness fill with light to turn pale gray. He remembered the Jap's crazy laughter and felt the knee push up into his stomach

and the knife reach for his chest again as he fought to hold the Jap's knife-hand away from him.

Then the laughter fell swiftly away through his memory and he saw Raina's dark face. He felt her hands on his chest as she bathed him and he saw his own eyes opening on that morning when he really looked at her for the first time. They had carried him from the beach to a thatched hut that was built up on piles and was poised on the edge of a coral lagoon.

He remembered seeing the face of this girl and then off in one corner, two more girls stood, one of them with the long, thin knife he remembered from the beach, apparently standing guard over him. He did not speak. He lay there on the woven mat while her gentle hands bathed his body clean. Then she brought him a bowl, and smiling, she started to feed him slices of breadfruit fried in coconut oil. The surface was crisp, as he remembered it now, and crackling like the chocolate coat on an eskimo pie, the inside soft and creamy. When he finished, she fed him *taro* that was like boiled potatoes, but thready-textured, purplish-gray in color, with a dull taste.

When he was finished eating, he heard voices and looking up, saw a man standing in the doorway to the hut. He saw the three girls look over in that direction and then the man stepped inside, stooping slightly.

He was an old man; he looked at least 70. But there was a hard look to his face and body, as if he had somehow managed to preserve some vestige of his youth. His face was deeply tanned and he wore a short white goat's beard at his chin. He was made of bones, his nose sharp and too long for the rest of his face. He had on a soiled white shirt, dark much-mended cotton trousers with a gold watch-chain strung across from one pant's pocket to the other like a comedian's prop.

Raina stepped away from him as the old man



Polynesian beauty of girl Raina (left) is shown in rare photo taken by Armile captain

entered. Buckman tried to sit up, but his body would not work for him. His back ached. His limbs felt as if they were made of wet towels.

The old man came near and stood there for several moments looking down at him. He said something Buckman could not understand. He thought for a minute that the old man was speaking the native tongue, but then he realized it was French and smiled, because at least it was a language from a world he himself knew.

Buckman smiled and he said, "I'm afraid I don't understand French."

*"Non parle Français?"*

Buckman shook his head. "I'm afraid not," he said.

"You are American?" the old man asked him.

"Now that's more like it," Buckman said, grinning.

Then the old man turned to the girl with the knife and said something Buckman could not understand. She nodded and left the hut.

"You must forgive them," the old man said, turning again to Buckman. "They did not know. You see there has been much trouble here. Six—perhaps seven months ago—the Japanese came. There were many Japanese soldiers. They came in an iron boat with guns. It is not a pretty story; the women, they had a very bad time, you know. Very bad. I do not think there was one of them who was not dragged off into the brush and nearly torn apart. They made love, these soldiers, not like men, but like sharks, I think. It was a very bad time." He paused for a moment. He glanced over at the girl, Raina. Then: "The men," he continued, "they took almost all of the men. They put them into the iron boat and they sailed away. Six, seven months ago." He muttered something in French that Buckman could not understand, shaking his head in a sorrowful manner.

The Frenchman's name was Ricard. He had come

to the island more than thirty years ago. He had been a trader then, but now, he explained to Buckman, he was not much of anything. There was no need for him to have money. Anything he wanted could be found on the island. He farmed a little, he explained, but even that was not really necessary because you could walk almost anywhere and pick a coconut down for a meal or get mangoes that were as big as grapefruits. There were the bread-fruit trees and the *carambola*—a yellow fruit about the size of a lemon, but with a surface covered with flanges or wings. It made a very excellent punch with the fermented coconut juice. The sea was filled with all sorts of food—especially the tuna that was eaten raw, marinated in lemon juice and covered with cream made from unripe coconut.

Buckman could remember now how the old man had described the food and drink of the island much as a younger man might have described the beautiful women who roamed about everywhere, half-naked, with the grace of wild things.

Buckman had explained to Ricard how he had been on a bombing mission over the Gilbert Islands. They had received three direct hits going in on their bomb run and had tried to find land to the south. But before they sighted anything at all, two of the engines had exploded. The plane had, in an instant, become an inferno of burning flesh and steel. He was sure that he had been the only one to escape.

"Here, my friend," Ricard said to him, "you will not have to worry. There is no war here. I do not think the Japanese will come back in their iron boat."

"We've pretty well chased them clear of this part of the Pacific," he told Ricard and the Frenchman nodded and made his brief smile again.

The days and weeks and months that followed were like some incredible dream. Now, staring off across the dark sea,

(Continued on page 54)



At first it was only the snipers, but suddenly someone

The artillery was almost useless in the close quarters; it was a battle of small arms only

by ASA BORDAGES

They Swore No Leatherneck Would Make It Alive

## *Bastards, Come Die On Suicide Creek!*

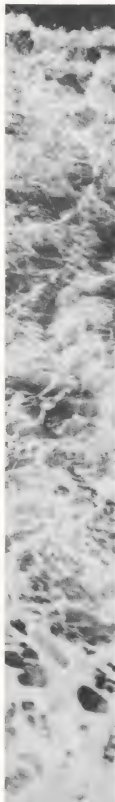
**GUY** They came to "Suicide Creek." It had no name and it was not on the map, but that is what the Marines called it after they had fought two days in vain to win a crossing. The creek is swift, two or three feet deep, perhaps twenty feet across at the widest, twisting between steep banks. It flows over rocks that make footing difficult, and here and there a tree had fallen into the stream. The banks rise steeply from ten to twenty feet, up to little ridges in the jungle of Cape Gloucester.

The Marines didn't know the creek was a moat before an enemy strong point. They couldn't see that the heavy growth across the creek was salted with pillboxes—machine-gun emplacements armored with dirt and logs, some of them dug several stories deep, all carefully spotted so they could sweep the slope and both banks of the stream with interlacing fire.

Only snipers shot at the Marine scouts who crossed the creek, feeling their way through the thickets. More Marines followed, down into the creek, up the steep bank, on into the jungle. Then they got it. The jungle exploded in their faces. They hit the deck, trying to deploy in the bullet-lashed brush and strike back. Marines died there, firing blindly. Snipers picked off some of them as they lay there. It's perfect for snipers when machine guns are firing; you can't hear the single pop above the heavier fire. You don't know you're a target until you're hit.

From the American side of Suicide Creek, Marines gave the trapped platoon overhead fire. The idea is to fling such a volume of fire at the enemy's position that he must hug cover and slacken his fire. The overhead fire spread an

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screamed "I can't see," and then all hell broke loose as the stinking jungle exploded in their faces

The Marines couldn't know the stream was a fast-moving mout in front of the vicious pillboxes



**The Japs were only ten feet from the hemmed-in Yanks. It was a crazy try—**

## **SUICIDE CREEK . . .**

umbrella of bullets above the pinned-down platoon, enabling them to crawl out and crawl back across the creek, pulling out their wounded.

That's how it went all day as Marine detachments felt for a gap or a soft spot in the enemy's position along the creek. They would be hit and pull back, and then detachments would push across the creek at other points. They'd be blasted by invisible machine guns, and leave a few more Marines dead in the brush as they fell back across the creek. Then they'd do it all over again.

There was nothing else they could do. There is no other way to fight a jungle battle—not in such terrain, when the enemy is dug in and your orders are to advance. You don't know where the enemy is. His pillboxes are so camouflaged that you can usually find them only when they fire on you. So you push out scouts and small patrols, until they're fired on. Then you push out patrols from different directions until they too draw fire. Thus you locate the enemy. Then you have to take the emplacements, the pillboxes, one by one in desperate little battles.

Pfc. Calvin B. King, of Pen Mar, Pennsylvania, remembers his platoon crossed the creek four times in a single day and four times had to stumble back under enemy fire. And not until the last time did they see a Jap.

"That time we got maybe 150 feet into the brush and then we saw them coming at us," he said. "They had slipped around and were coming in from our flank to wipe us out. There were a lot of 'em. I don't know

how many. And it looked like they was everywhere.

"They didn't make a sound. They were just coming at us through the trees. We were firing, but they kept coming at us. There were too many of them to stop. We had to pull out. Machine guns were shooting at us from everywhere. And all them Japs coming. We'd pull back a little way and stop and fire, and then we'd fall back a little more.

"Somebody was saying, 'Steady . . . Steady there . . .' But I don't know who it was. I just kept firing. You don't think about nothing. You just shoot. Guys were getting hit. We had to pull them along with us. You can't leave a guy for the Japs. The things they do to 'em . . ."

There was a pfc. from Oakland, California. He was blinded by powder burns. He couldn't know it was only temporary. All he knew was that he was blind in the middle of a battle. He was saying, "I can't see." He was fumbling around, trying to feel his way in the brush. The bullets were cutting all around, but he didn't ask anybody to stop fighting to help him. He just hung onto his rifle, like they tell you to, and tried to crawl out, though he couldn't see where to crawl. Cpl. Yawrence E. Oliveria, of Fall River, Massachusetts, grabbed the blind boy by the arm, pulling him along as they withdrew. He'd pause to fire, and the blind Marine would wait beside him, and then Cpl. Oliveria would lead him back a little farther. "The boy didn't moan or pray or nothing. He just kept saying, every now and then, 'I can't see.'"

By the time they got back to the creek, the Japanese were close on them, charging now. But the Marines had machine guns at the creek. They piled the Jap dead in the brush and broke the charge.

Another platoon tried crossing the creek at another



The battalion tried all day to win a crossing at the creek. In the end, at dusk, they could only withdraw to the ridge and dig in for the night

"You can't describe hell, you can only go through it," said S/Sgt. Asa Bordages, combat correspondent





## Haldane and Chisick, followed by the others, grabbed picks and shovels and charged

point. Near the head of the line was "the Swede," a pfc. from some place out west. He was a big guy, built like a truck, the last man in the world you'd ever suspect of being sentimental. His big ambition was to send his kid sister through college. It took some doing, but he was doing it on his service pay. The Swede was just stepping into the creek when he got it.

"You could hear the bullet hit him in the stomach," said Platoon Sgt. John M. White. "He just stood there a minute. He said, 'Them dirty bastards!' Then he fell down. He was dead.

"When we got across the creek, the fire was so hot we couldn't do a thing. You couldn't see a single Jap. All you could see was where the bullets were hitting around us. And men getting hit. But no matter how bad it got, I never saw one of the boys pass up a wounded man."

Pfc. Charles Conger, of Ventura, California, was one of those hit. A machine gun cut his legs from under him. Nobody saw him. Nobody could have heard him if he'd yelled—the firing was too heavy. He was as alone as a man can be. It was slow, painful, dragging through the brush, crawling head first down the bank, dragging limp legs. He had to pull himself on by inches, then belly down the bank sprayed with bullets

as thick as rice thrown at a bride. He tumbled into the creek. The rocks were sharp. He was gasping in the swift water, struggling across against the force of the steam. It was only blind luck that White saw him. White was too far away to help, but he stopped and waved his arms to attract attention, ignoring cover until two Marines who were nearer saw the wounded man in the creek. Those Marines were almost across. Safety lay just ahead. They didn't have to stop. But they went sloshing through the water to the wounded man. They half carried, half dragged him with them.

The battalion tried all day to win a crossing at the creek. In the end, they could only withdraw to the ridge on the American side and dig in for the night. It was getting dusk as one machine-gun platoon finished its gun emplacements. Then the men began digging their foxholes. Most of them were stripped to the waist and they laid aside their weapons as they dug.

That was the moment the enemy chose to charge. They must have slipped across the stream and up the slope and watched the digging. They must have seen that if they could reach those emplacements and get those machine guns, they could swing them and smash the infantry company holding the next section of the line. That is why the

*(Continued on page 70)*

**Tanks finally reached the outfit on the battalion's left, but they found the banks too steep to climb; they were in a natural trap**



# GUY LINES

continued from page 6

best way to do it. Perfect your Italian, then get a job in one of Italy's plushier tourist hotels. . . . Reports from Rome confirm that Italian waiters are making out like crazy with the broads from abroad. . . . First of all, they have legit access to the ladies' boudoirs. The first morning a doll hits the hostelry, the shrewd waiter is IN HER BEDROOM WITH A TRAY. Instead of leaving when she starts eating, he stands at her side, offers "extra services." He then offers to be her "guide" around the city. If she accepts—POW. The waiter is in business—and pleasure. . . . One of these operators, a guy of 22, is being chased by 80 rich beauties; he has cars, gold watches, \$300 coats—and he's a rather tired lad. . . .

Sixteen-times-married Beverly Avery described briefly how husband No. 13 won her affection: "He choked me until my neck was black and blue. . . ." When a young gold-rusher named Hall lost his bride in 1852, he buried her in Ft. Kearney, Kansas, then returned to get her a tombstone, which he wheeled back in a barrow from St. Joe—250 miles. . . .

Sickies of the month: a couple of lovers in Alexandria, Egypt, named Badria M. Mansour and Aly S. Rizk, who have an admitted loathing for bedrooms. Both claim they got this complex when they caught their mates red-handed with illicit partners. How Badria and Aly licked their problem: they went around setting fire to all the bedrooms they could get their hot little hands on. . . .

## The Briefing Room

Some sailors around Moffett Field, Calif., are blushing. They bought "sex pills" from a thirteen year old psychology student. . . . They were paying 50 cents for the mild ones, one buck for the rugged ones, until cops got into the act. It turned out the 50-cent aphrodisiacs were liver pills; the dollar jobs were aspirin tablets. . . .

Lt. Hiroo Onoda and Pvt. Kinshichi Katsuka of the Imperial Japanese Army are, at last report, still holed up in the Philippines, and still fighting W.W. II. . . . Air Force boys are chortling over their hottest development: they've taught 107 words to a mechanical brain. Significance: the brain can now turn out airplane and missile parts in record time, giving us

a great big jump on the Soviets. . . .

There's been no slump in business for girl "camp followers" around Army bases; one off-record price list from a lady near a mid-west base: Social Dancing and Conversation for the Evening: \$5.00; Stag dancing (nude), \$10; The Works, \$25. . . .

## Doctors' Dope

Medicos have found the reason why Britons get so few colds: "The British people traditionally do not converse



on trains . . . the closed mouth minimizes the spread of infection."

Spoilsport experts say the battle between David and Goliath was a push-over for Dave. The reason: one by-product of the glandular disorder that made Goliath a giant also made him blind as a bat except when looking straight ahead. . . .

Psychiatrists offer the case history of one young guy as a warning against over-use of calm-down pills. . . . Seems the lad was being pressured by a girl friend who wanted to get married. This was making him tense. So, the doc shot him full of meprobramate, whereupon the fellow had a typical reaction: indifference. Now HE DIDN'T EVEN MIND MARRIAGE, so he was hitched to the gal. Today, he's miserable again. Since the stuff has worn off, he's discovered that he doesn't like the doll. . . .

## Quote of the Month

"What Los Angeles needs is filter-tip people." (Scientist commenting on the dangers of local smog.)

## The Crooked Mile

They finally caught up with George Dawson, the fabulous war-surplus dealer, who parlayed 60 dollars into a rumored \$36 million by buying Yank war goods for peanuts, selling them for small fortunes in Europe. . . . they put him away on ten charges, including conspiracy—and they say he didn't even have the price of bus fare to the jailhouse. . . .

Cops checked an illegally parked taxi in Barrie, Ontario, found the driver had a pension for blindness. . . .

Joseph ("Yellow Kid") Weil's widow, Jessica, suggested an epitaph for the great con man: "Joseph Weil lies under the ground; don't jingle any money while walking around. . . ."

## Money Talk

For almost a song, you can buy a layout in England with 34 toilets, 43 bedrooms and a dormitory for 250 guys and/or dolls. It's worth a million pounds, but you can get it for a trifling 80,000. . . .

Watch for more giveaways from the direct mail boys. Some of the things folks are finding in mailboxes lately: lipstick, shoe horns, Japanese abacus (counting) boards. . . .

The Treasury makes money on money. This year, the profit was 40 million smacks (that's the difference between the raw metal and the face value of the coins).

New offset way to make some fast bucks: if you can pick up some discarded phone booths, you can clean up selling them to fraternities, college kids and other addicts of the booth-stacking fad. . . .

Long-range tip: biggest coming consumer boom will be the "second house" market—by 1990, Americans will be acquiring second, low-cost houses the way they now buy a second car. If you're smart, and looking for a new trade, get into the selling end on low-cost houses. . . . they shouldn't be priced over the tab for a new Ford, Chevy or Plymouth. . . .

Buy up now on Vitamin B12; most people don't realize it, but the retail tag is down 14%. . . . They claim a guy has come up with a real weird one: candy that puts girls in the mood for loving—but Federal Trade Commission says a loud NO. . . .



## Women's Barracks

continued from page 19

and murmured, "Isn't she beautiful?"

The woman was tall and extremely blonde—a peroxide blonde. Her hair curled in ringlets over her forehead and fell in waves alongside her face. Her nose was fairly long, but quite narrow and very slightly arched, giving her an air of distinction. She was heavily made up. Ursula stood stock-still, a wisp of a girl wrapped in her long beige smock, watching the passage of this beautiful creature. The woman had such a marvelous scent! And in passing she threw Ursula a smile that was as perfumed as the woman herself.

**A**T that moment our sergeant-cook appeared, roaring, "Hey, you there, the new one—Claude! What are you doing with that straw? You're supposed to be in the kitchen!"

To our astonishment, we beheld the one called Claude raise a snarling face over her pile of straw, and from her beautifully made-up mouth there came forth one of the most violent replies that I had ever heard. As for Ursula, she stood agape. "You can go to hell!" the lady spat at the sergeant. "Just because you're a sergeant, don't think you can get away with anything! First, I'm going to fix my bed, and when I'm through, I'll come and peel your potatoes, and if you don't like it you can kiss my behind!"

The sergeant-cook must have realized that this was no little girl from Brittany, for she went away without saying a word.

Now Claude turned toward us. "Can you imagine, talking to me in such a tone of voice! What does she take me for—her servant? More likely, she'd be mine! I volunteered out of patriotism, and not to be treated like an inferior by a bitch like that!"

It was strange, but the coarse words with which her speech was peppered seemed to lose their vulgarity when they were spoken by Claude. She had a very beautiful voice, cultured and modulated, the sort that could permit itself the use of slang.

"Can you tell me where to find the switchboard room?" Claude then asked. "That's where I'm to bunk. I've got to take charge of the telephone."

An assignment of this sort seemed prodigiously important to us. Full of respect for Claude, we showed her the little room near the entrance that had been set aside for the telephone operator.

Claude dropped the straw on the floor.

"How old are you, child?" Claude asked Ursula.

This time Ursula replied, "Seven-

teen," without any apparent hesitation.

Claude placed her hand on Ursula's head and stroked her soft hair. I felt as though I was intruding. "You have the air of a tiny little girl, and you're ravishing—you're like a 'little bird,'" Claude said.

It was obvious that this was the first time anyone had told Ursula she was ravishing. And yet, because it was said in another person's presence—mine—it was quite normal, almost a conventional remark.

Ursula never forgot her feelings at this first meeting. When she spoke about it to me later she said that Claude's voice was so gentle, Claude's hand was so soft that she felt the very inside of her heart melting. She wanted to reply, "Oh, and you are so beautiful!" but she didn't dare, and she uttered the first banality that came to her. "I've been here since yesterday, I'm from Paris. Where are you from?"

Claude was about to answer when a corporal appeared—a third one. We seemed surrounded by corporals. This was a large girl, rather gentle and reserved; she had charge of the office. She had some forms in her hand and she gave them to Claude to fill out.

Ursula tugged at me, and we left.

**S**OON most of us were assigned to work in various offices at GHQ. I became, for the time being, a file clerk and the operator of a mimeograph machine in the Information Bureau. But the Captain had no idea what to do with Ursula. Most of us could type, at least; Ann could drive a car; but Ursula had no accomplishments. Finally the Captain put her down as sentry for the barracks.

Ursula remained seated all day long at a little table by the entrance, keeping a registry book in which she noted down all of our comings and goings. Opposite her was the switchboard room, where Claude was stationed. Through the half-open door she could glimpse Claude's glistening blonde hair. From time to time, Claude came out of the little room for a chat. She still wore that same wonderful perfume. But with tender dismay one night Ursula asked me if I had noticed that Claude had little creases at the sides of her mouth, and white hairs mingled with the blonde. Indeed, Claude could have been her mother. And in those first days I felt that this was what drew Ursula to Claude, the wish that she had had a mother as gay and amusing as this woman, with her inexhaustible store of gossip about all the celebrities in Paris.

But soon the stories Ursula brought back from Claude were less innocent.

Ursula was fascinated and yet a little puzzled by the ease with which Claude related her bedroom experiences; she had slept with most of the currently fashionable actors and writers of the capital, and she kept up a continuous stream of intimate chatter about her lovers to the girl.

But one thing was certain: Ursula felt that the one person who really cared about her was Claude. Big Ann was pleasant and sometime brusque; the aristocratic Jacqueline irritated her, perpetually wanting to fuss over her and take charge of her; Mickey was a clown who made her laugh; and I suppose I was just someone who listened, someone she found it easy to talk to. Ursula complained that the corporals scolded her endlessly, and the Captain could scarcely remember her name. But Claude talked to her, confided in her as in a friend, called her her little bird, stroked her hair, smiled at her with her perfumed smile. Claude knew so many stories, she was afraid of no one, and she had a way of looking at Ursula with her black eyes, a way that made Ursula forget every desire except to remain close to Claude as much as possible.

**O**NE night there came an order for the sentry to sleep in the switchboard room with the telephone operator, so as to make sure that the service would continue in case of a serious air attack. I helped Ursula drag her iron cot into the little telephone room. Her heart must have been beating with joy. What heavenly evenings she would pass with Claude!

The barracks had been in existence for more than a month. Every morning we went through our drill in Down Street before hurrying off to our various jobs. One day the Captain announced that a military ball was taking place, to which all of us had been invited.

That evening we were all loaded onto trucks and carried across blacked-out London.

The dance was in full swing when we arrived. The men welcomed us with shouts and cries of joy; they were mostly French, though there was a scattering of uniforms from other nations—Polish, Norwegian, and Belgian. I liked dancing, and found myself in a little circle of swing enthusiasts.

I looked around for Ursula, but she didn't seem to be anywhere in the room. I learned later that, after having danced with a fat soldier who was nearly drunk, she felt that she had had enough, and sought to escape. She saw a door and fled outside. There was a little courtyard, and the fresh evening air made her shiver. Ursula sat down on the steps. The cool air caressed her cheeks, and she shook out her hair, relieved in her escape. Then she noticed that a soldier, quite young, was sitting on a crate in the courtyard, and watching her.

Suddenly the soldier said to her, "It's better out here than inside, don't you think?" And as soon as she heard his calm voice, tinged with a slight foreign accent, Ursula felt reassured. Now she looked at the soldier. She could scarcely

see him in the darkness, but he had a very young air and seemed rather small in stature. She replied, "Yes," and didn't know what else to say.

They remained silent for a long while. Ursula was suddenly quite astonished to hear her own voice break the silence.

She said, "Have you been in England long?"

The soldier answered, "I've been here three days. Last week I was in Spain, and it's only about fifteen days since I was in France."

HE was silent again for a little while, and then he said, "I admire you for joining the Army. It's not much fun for the men, but for women it must really be hard."

And now Ursula began to speak. She told him about her life in Down Street. She described Jacqueline, "absolutely ravishing, but a little bit artificial"; Mickey, "a good comrade, and so funny"; Ann, "everybody thinks she'll be the first to get her corporal's stripes"; Ginette, who "talks nothing but slang, used to be a salesgirl, and can sew her own uniforms to measure." She spoke of Claude, "very intelligent, very generous," who was her protectress. Then suddenly she saw us all, all of her comrades as we were in the mornings, tense, badly adapted to this life, ready to find distraction in anything, hungry for love, each hiding her homesickness at the bottom of her heart. Ursula saw the main hall of Down Street, and her little sentry table.

The soldier listened without interrupting her, and when she had finished all he said was, "I understand."

We were all ready to go home.

The truck was waiting outside, and we piled in. This time I suppose the driver was too tired for his game of jolting us against one another. It was far past midnight, and some of the girls slept, leaning their heads on each other's shoulders. Suddenly I heard Ursula murmur, "Oh. I forgot to tell the soldier good-by."

Just across from us sat Claude; she was holding Mickey's head on her shoulder. I could feel Ursula stir unhappily. It must have seemed to her that Mickey had stolen her place.

We jumped from the truck, one after the other, and were swallowed in the barracks hall. One door after another was heard closing, and the night quieted. There were still a few whispers from bed to bed.

"I was dancing with a sailor, and he's crazy about me."

"He's a perfect dancer. He wants to take me out someplace where we can have fun. You know."

"He's going to phone me tomorrow."

"But honey—it's amazing—he knows my brother! They went to the same school in Lyons."

As for myself, I hadn't met anyone special.

I had given my name to a few of the men, perhaps for one of those evenings when a girl is so lonesome she'll go out with anyone. I'd seen some of the girls do things they probably wouldn't do otherwise, out of this loneliness, and I

hoped that it wouldn't happen to me.

The whispering gradually ceased. Ursula slipped through the room in the dark. She had been in the bathroom, as she was still modest about undressing; she had put on her regulation rose-colored pajamas. This was one of the nights when she slept in the switchboard room, and she slipped out of the dormitory, going downstairs.

When Ursula reached the little switchboard room, Claude was already stretched out on her narrow camp bed.

Ursula went to sit on the edge of Claude's bed. The alternate nights that Ursula was assigned to sleep in this room were impatiently awaited. For on these occasions Claude talked to her at length about her husband, about her lovers, about her life before the war.

Ursula adored Claude, and was attracted to her in a special way she could not explain to herself.

That night as she sat on the edge of the cot Claude said to her, "What a whorehouse that dance was! Where did you hide yourself? I drank I don't know how many glasses of port. Everyone offered me port to drink. I'm sleepy. Kiss me, Ursula." She drew Ursula against her and suddenly she kissed her on the mouth. Ursula felt Claude's lips burning hers. She didn't know what was happening to her. She was lost, invaded, inflamed. She tried to get hold of herself as though she were drowning, dissolving in Claude's arms. Claude drew her into the bed.

Outdoors, the anti-aircraft guns continued their booming, and the planes growled in the sky. Outside, it was a December night, cold and foggy, while here there were two arms that held Ursula tight, there was a voice that cradled her, and soft hair touched her face. . . .

Sometime during the night, Claude shook Ursula, telling her to return to her own bed. Ursula was so tired that she moved as though in sleep to the other cot.

What hurt Ursula most of all, the next morning, as she later expressed it to me in her pain and perplexity, was Claude's indifference. For when Ursula turned to her Claude seemed cold and distant, as though what had happened during the night were insignificant, common. Ursula didn't dare to touch upon the thousand questions that trembled in her. Claude, humming, went off to breakfast.

WHILE for Jacqueline and for most of us there was a growing life outside the barracks, in our jobs or in love affairs, Ursula was still there at her little table in the hall, on duty, and all her life seemed to be enclosed in the switchboard room with Claude, only a few steps away.

Two or three times, Ursula had been punished. Once she had appeared late for morning roll call. Another time the corporal had found her hair too long. Ursula peeled potatoes to atone for her long hair—it had reached to the collar of her jacket, which was forbidden. This regulation was relaxed later on, and Ursula again let her hair grow; but at

first this rule, like all the others, was rigidly enforced.

At her table in the hall, Ursula sighed and opened a book that she had taken from the barracks library. Claude was angry with her, and wasn't speaking to her, for it was generally known how the news had spread of their night together. And for Ursula there was another complication. The women were no longer speaking to her. Claude, nevertheless, had lost none of her popularity. She was admired and rather feared by the girls. It was Ursula whom they all held in disfavor, and every night Ursula wept in her bed.

Miserably, she tried to fix her attention on her book. She didn't know what she was reading. Then suddenly the half-open door of the barracks was pushed open, and a soldier entered. He wore a Polish uniform. He was a very young man, small in stature, a little chubby, not handsome, with a round childish face, a thick mouth, and very large black eyes. He looked all around, with his brows raised, and this gave his face the expression of a questioning, astonished child.

Realizing that Ursula was looking at him, he asked in a foreign accent, "Isn't this the barracks of the Free French—the women's barracks?"

IT was only then that Ursula recognized him, and she felt a rush of joy in her heart, as at recovering a friend.

"Yes, it's me!" she cried, and at the same moment she grew very red, for there was really no way for her to know that it was she whom he sought. But the young soldier smiled and approached her.

"Now, that's really lucky! I was wondering how I would manage to find you, because I only knew your first name."

"But how did you know my first name?" Ursula asked.

"Why, when you were leaving, your friend called you Ursula."

Ursula gave him a chair and he sat down beside her.

The young soldier asked her what she was doing and whether she was free for dinner that evening. Ursula said she was. It would be better than to stay in the barracks when Claude wasn't even speaking to her.

Then he arose, and asked her pardon for having come without warning, and left.

Nevertheless, Ursula felt more cheerful because of his visit.

Her turn of duty was over at five o'clock and it was still daylight, gray and rainy as usual. Ursula went up to the empty dormitory. It was cold; the window was open. The cots were made up as in men's barracks, with the sheets and blankets carefully folded at the head of the bed in a square packet with no overhanging edges. The mattress was folded double, so there was nowhere to sit except on the bed-springs.

Ursula stood in the middle of the room. Although the women were still forbidden to put things on the empty shelves around the walls, the officers had relaxed their attention to this regu-

lation during the past few days, and little by little, photographs, holy images, little vases, and books had appeared next to the beds. But there was nothing at all by Ursula's bed. She had no mementos. She decided that she would buy herself a bunch of violets to put in the toothbrush glass above her cot, as Jacqueline had done. She would go out right away for the violets.

In the street, Ursula bought the violets for sixpence, and suddenly she had the idea of giving them to Claude. As soon as the thought came to her, she couldn't wait. She began to run in the street, holding tight to the little bouquet, which consisted mostly of leaves around four or five violets. She arrived at the barracks out of breath and knocked at the door of the switchboard room. Claude's melodious voice said, "Come in."

Claude was seated in front of the switchboard, manipulating the plugs. She kept her back erect, as always. The blonde hair was brushed back. She turned her head toward Ursula, slightly contracting her plucked brows in an annoyed manner. Ursula, her head lowered and her heart full of uncertainty, held out her little bouquet to Claude, without saying a word.

Claude's frown dissolved in a smile. "Oh, how nice!" she cried. "What lovely violets! Come let me kiss you!"

And drawing Ursula to her, she kissed her eyes. In that second Ursula came back to life. Her brown eyes were once more alight, her heart was like honey. She felt happy and light. Everything was beautiful, everything was perfect, her life, the barracks, London—since Claude still liked her, since Claude didn't hold anything against her. She sat down on the camp bed, and between two telephone calls Claude recounted her woes—she had seen her husband again, she was desperately in love with him, she would never love anyone else. Claude drew a photograph out of her pocket and showed it to Ursula.

CLAUDE's husband had an air of self-confidence and cruelty. Claude began once more to relate how she had met him, and how they had married after years of quarreling and love-making. Her voice became feverish as she spoke, and all at once she seemed almost an old woman; a woman showing her age, filled with agitation, with dark reflections in her eyes, with bitterness against everything—against herself, against her husband, against the barracks. And suddenly she began to quarrel with Ursula, complaining that the evening before, in Claude's absence, Ursula had failed to note down a telephone call from Ann. Then it was finished. Ursula could never again be happy for more than a few seconds with this strange and ever beautiful woman. The dinner bell sounded. A voice called Ursula.

She went out sadly, trying to hold back her tears. In the hall, the young soldier waited for her.

Claude had rented a little room in the city, and several times Ursula had gone there to be with her. She adored Claude more than ever, and permitted

herself to be bullied, without the slightest resistance. Claude was never in the state of humor that one expected to find, and Ursula always felt herself to be walking a tightrope with her. One day, Ursula knew, she would fall and hurt herself badly.

Ursula felt doomed. She was lost, there was no hope for her. She wanted to cry, for she would never love anyone other than Claude. Not even someone like Michel—for she knew his name now, Michel Levy. He was so generous, so intelligent, so calm, and so gentle. He had never even tried to kiss her. Ursula felt secure in his presence, and yet she was sure that she was not in love with him. She didn't like his small hands and his chubby body. He bored her sometimes, and he was timid. She preferred the caprices, the angry moods, and the phantasies of Claude. She was ready to endure anything for the pleasure of half an hour of Claude's gaiety and charm.

Michel Levy looked her to dinner on Christmas Eve. After dinner they went out into the black street, where groups of people passed singing. They walked without any special destination, and Michel took hold of Ursula's arm. At first she wanted to withdraw it. She couldn't understand why the slightest physical contact with Michel frightened her. But not wanting to offend him, she did nothing, and they continued to walk like that.

But Michel was happy to feel her near him. She was so young. She was the only woman who didn't frighten

him; because she seemed so defenseless, because she didn't know how to chatter or to laugh like most women, who always either had an air of being on the defensive or were aggressive. Until now he had told himself, I don't have the right to touch her, or to take her with me, for I have nothing to offer her, neither God, nor a home, nor security, nor even myself—a self that wanted only to die until I met her, a self that still wants to die. Solemnly, his great eyes open with their strange candor, he told her all that was in his mind.

Michel, interned with several other Poles in a camp in Fribourg, had been granted the exceptional privilege of being permitted to take courses at the university. Scarcely seventeen, he felt as though he carried the moral weight of the whole world on his shoulders.

THE boy Michel had decided to kill himself. He had bought some veronal, and was on his way to his rooming house when he met a fellow student from the university. This student was a monk. Suddenly Michel began to talk. He told the monk that he had found his own truth and that it gave him a will to die. He told of his decision.

There are people who always talk about committing suicide but who never do it. But on Michel's face there was something so serious, his black eyes raised toward the monk were filled with such agony, that the monk realized that Michel had made up his mind.

Instead of moralizing, he proposed a sort of bargain to Michel. "You want to





die," he said. "Agreed. But you don't have the right to die in cowardice, or stupidly. There is a war going on. Every day there are men who die, though they want to live. Leave Switzerland. Go to Spain and then to England. Enlist, and let yourself be killed while fighting. Perhaps you will die in place of the father of a family. Perhaps your death will save others. Perhaps your death will hasten the peace. Go get yourself killed, Michel. But only there, through England."

THREE days later, Michel was in unoccupied France. He managed to get across France without much difficulty, arrived without mishap in Spain, and passed through without being noticed by the police. This voyage, which took months for others, took him scarcely fifteen days. From Gibraltar he embarked for Liverpool. For Michel, everything proved easy and simple.

Now he walked in the blackout with Ursula, who was silent.

Michel halted, and with the sudden courage of the timid, he brusquely drew Ursula to him and kissed her on the mouth.

Ursula had expected nothing of the kind. An immense disgust welled up in her mouth upon the touch of Michel's lips. She felt his full lips crushing her own, and his masculine breath, and his cheeks scratching a little. Claude, Claude! she cried inwardly. She freed herself, and with her eyes filled with tears she began to run in the blackout, running blindly. She had only one thought: Claude. Claude's gentleness, her perfume, Claude's soft body close to her own. Ursula cried as she ran, surrounded by the thick night.

To reach Claude's house was her only aim. She turned into one street after the other, got lost, crossed a square into another street. "Merry Christmas!" people cried in the night. And then suddenly she was in front of Claude's house.

The house was filled with noise. It was Christmas Eve. The Christmas dawn would soon be born. The little room was crowded, and men and women were laced together, some drunk, some half drunk, some boisterous, and over everything there was a gloss of alcoholic jollity. We shouted when the bell rang, as though some great and wonderful friend would now appear.

Claude went to the door, her glass of whisky in her hand.

Ursula mounted the stairs, running. At the top of the stairs stood Claude. She was wearing gray trousers and a rose silk skirt. One could see her round breasts pressing against the silk. Ursula threw herself into her arms, sobbing.

"What is it, Ursulita, my little girl, what's wrong?" Claude repeated. She drew Ursula into the room.

When she was a little quieted, with her face against Claude's breast, feeling calm against her, against this maternal refuge, Ursula told Claude that Michel had kissed her.

Claude laughed, pressed the child in her arms, and told her she was a little fool. But deep in her eyes, it

seemed to me, I saw a glint of triumph.

A few weeks later we had gas-mask practice. We were all assembled in the dining room, and there was a great deal of whispering and laughing and nudging back and forth while a handsome officer, young and blond, solemnly explained how to make use of a gas mask, as though we had never been told before.

Each of us had to put on her mask and keep it on for half an hour. There were two hundred women in the large hall, and we might have been taken for a school of monsters from beneath the sea. The rubber tubes slanted comically in all directions. We talked to each other with our hands. Inside the masks, we felt hot, and a fine haze covered the glass panes.

Claude was sitting next to Mickey. It was one of her days of remorse in regard to Ursula. She had again decided not to have any more to do with the girl, and she had not even looked at her all through the evening.

Behind the little window of her mask, Ursula saw Claude and Mickey pressed one against the other on a single chair. Their rubber tubes kept bumping, their masks had an air of laughter. Claude's arm was around Mickey to keep her from falling off the chair.

Ursula was miserable and the next day she asked for her eight-day leave, and left to visit one of the many English families that kindly opened their homes to the troops of other countries.

She was visiting in a small harbor town that was forever filled with wind, a great wind that undid Ursula's hair, and that sometimes sent her flying into the arms of passers-by.

The family was charming.

At night she slept with the three girls, and the mother came to hear them say their prayers and to kiss them all good night.

On the third day, Ursula, in uniform, was walking along the jetty when a voice asked her in French:

"Aren't you French, mademoiselle?"

SHE turned, and as there was a sudden heavy gust of wind against her, she almost fell into the arms of a French naval officer. He began to laugh. He seemed to be about thirty-five. He had regular white teeth, thick lips, and brown eyes. Ursula found him big and handsome and nice. His name was Philippe.

They walked along the port talking. He was attached to a French vessel, a warship that had been there three months for repairs. He had not seen a Frenchwoman for months and months. He had just returned from the Orient and had been in China, in Haiti, and in America.

They talked a great deal, each delighted to find a compatriot.

She listened to his tales of China, where he had smoked opium and made love to Chinese women, and of America, where he had actually eaten meals in pharmacies, and of Haiti, where one covers oneself with flowers.

Suddenly he asked her to excuse him for a moment, went out, and presently

returned to tell her that he had requested the commander of his ship to invite the little French soldier girl to lunch the next day—to lunch aboard ship, at the officers' mess. There would be a special feast in her honor.

Ursula blushed with joy. She accepted, but confessed that she was a little worried because of the English family. What would they say? Would they be shocked at her going out with a stranger? Would they understand that in this exile every Frenchman was a brother? Philippe suggested telling them that he was her cousin, or indeed her brother. Ursula thought "brother" would make a more correct impression, and so they made an appointment for lunch the next day.

URSULA had carefully polished the buttons of her uniform, put on her best khaki silk tie and the silk stockings forbidden in the regulations, and brushed her chestnut-colored hair, which hung thick and straight at both sides of her face, like the hair of little girls on their way to school.

It was 12:30 and the sun burned the length of the quay. The warship seemed so spotlessly clean, and its flag was so blue, so white, so red! At the gangway the sentry came to attention for her, and for a second Ursula felt like an admiral. Philippe was already advancing toward her, followed by a group of midshipmen, all young, all smiling, all overjoyed at seeing a French girl.

There was an immense table, and around it sat twelve officers. Ursula was the only woman. She laughed ceaselessly and Philippe poured out white wine for her, and then red wine, and this made her laugh and chatter even more.

She had never drunk so much or eaten so much.

He showed her around the ship and finally stopped before a closed door. He opened it and gestured her inside. "This is my cabin," he said.

It was a very pretty little chamber, and at first Ursula had no thought but to admire it. Philippe showed her his work table, his books, his pictures on the walls, some Japanese engravings, little reproductions of Egyptian statues, a reproduction of a Van Gogh painting, photographs of the Orient with palm trees and camels, and a handsome map of the world over his bunk.

Then he gave her soap and a towel and she began to wash her hands. Philippe sat on a chair watching her. A ray of sunlight entered through the porthole and blue motes of dust danced in the sunbeams. When she had finished, Ursula hung up the towel and turned around.

Philippe rose and came toward her and very casually said, "But you still have some dirt on your face."

She raised her chin innocently. "Where?"

Philippe came still closer. "There," he said, and before Ursula could realize what he was doing, he was holding her in his arms and kissing her on the mouth.

It was very strange to her, and at

first repulsive, as with Michel. She detested the taste of tobacco in the mouth that took possession of hers, and the thickness of the lips, and the slightly brutal force of this kiss, which she neither expected nor desired. But at the same time, she wanted to know. She wanted to know how it was, this kiss of a man, and in the depths of her heart she wanted to know if she could respond to it.

She didn't resist. Philippe lifted her in his arms and stretched her over the bunk. Then, sitting next to her, he continued to kiss her. Little by little Ursula sensed that her mouth was becoming habituated to the strong lips, to the taste of tobacco, and to the stubborn tongue. Then he began to kiss her again with swift little kisses, and then again for a long time with long kisses. And Ursula began to like his kissing very much.

Then he slipped his hand toward her body, and immediately Ursula's entire body contracted. It was like an electric shock. She seized Philippe's hand and pushed it away, and raised herself ready to leap from the bunk. But Philippe only laughed, not in the least embarrassed, and promised not to touch her again. Then Ursula relaxed and he began once more to kiss her.

A bell rang. Philippe got up. Ursula raised herself from the bunk. He gave her his comb and she straightened her hair. Then they went out together, returning to the open deck. It was nearly six o'clock, and Ursula said she had to go.

They went down the gangplank and along the quay. Philippe held her arm as though from now on she was in his possession. This pleased and displeased Ursula at the same time.

He asked to see her the next day for dinner. He was very formal and said there would be another officer with an Englishwoman. This reassured Ursula, and she accepted.

When Philippe left her at the house where she was staying, Ursula wanted to reflect for a while, to put her ideas in order, but the three sisters surrounded her, the dog began to jump all over her, the mother appeared to ask all about her brother, and she had to tell about the ship, describe the luncheon, and then do the French lessons of the girls.

IT was only in the evening after prayers, when the sisters had grown tired of talking about their boy friends and had fallen asleep, that Ursula was able to return to her thoughts of Philippe. And so, she reflected, she had kissed a man and found it agreeable. Philippe was nice and gay, and not complicated or hysterical like Claude. What a good smile he had, and what nice warm eyes! He hadn't tried to force her, when he saw she didn't like his touching her. Yes, Ursula decided that she could see him again with pleasure and without any risk, and that it would do her good, it would help her forget Claude.

Ursula met Philippe the next day with his friend.

The other officer was a friend of Philippe's. He was the ship's doctor, and quite naturally Philippe called him Doc. The young woman with him was a very pretty English girl, highly self-assured, very feminine, smartly dressed, and well made up. She examined Ursula with an air of superiority. Philippe, like Doc, seemed to go out of his way to please this young woman, and Ursula found herself with nothing to say. She felt awkward, embarrassed by her heavy khaki clothes and her hair falling into her eyes, and conscious of her hands with the nails cut short. She wished that she also were a grown woman, knowing how to laugh with self-assurance and how to look men in the eye without blinking, and wearing a low-cut black dress, revealing her provoking breasts. She wished she could dance perfectly, wearing high heels and transparent stockings. But instead of being like that, there she was saying nothing, feeling uneasy ever since yesterday's meal on the boat, and not able to eat anything.

Philippe exclaimed at her leaving her plate untouched. He was very fond of eating, and it seemed to him a sacrilege to refuse smoked salmon and to leave a roast untasted. To please him, Ursula managed to drink the wine that was served to her.

THE young Englishwoman had the art of turning the conversation easily around all sorts of obvious subjects which one couldn't remember a moment afterward. The dinner was rather long. Afterward, Philippe suggested that they finish the evening at his place in town. And since there were four of them, Ursula accepted, reassured by the presence of the other woman.

They took a taxi to Philippe's apartment. It was a modern three-room flat filled with Chinese and Indian knick-knacks that Philippe had brought back from his voyages. They all made themselves comfortable in the living room. Philippe brought out whisky glasses. The conversation languished. Doc and the young woman exchanged glances and whispered to each other. Suddenly the young woman rose and left the room. Doc followed her, and Ursula found herself alone with Philippe.

She was seated on the couch. Philippe leaned over her and, as on the day before, began to kiss her. Ursula was astonished to discover that his mouth was already familiar to her. How warm and good it was, penetrating her own!

With his free hand, Philippe put out the bright lamp and snapped on another, which suffused the room with a dim rosy light, in which everything was intimate and soft. Ursula felt tranquil, happy. After all, his nearness was natural, not frightening at all, quite normal and reassuring.

Perhaps half an hour passed. Philippe's hand began to explore Ursula. It touched her very lightly, but at the same time much more determinedly than yesterday; a hand that had a will of its own. And as on the day before, a mad panic seized the girl. In the same instant she became rigid and filled with

tremors. Suddenly she realized something: She didn't want this. She didn't want it at all.

Philippe sighed, took his hand away, and resumed his kissing. But very quickly he returned to the charge. For quite a while, in silence, the struggle continued. Ursula would become rigid, and then would relax slightly, murmuring only, "No, no, no." Finally Philippe sat back on the couch next to her. He looked at her queerly, with an air that was neither angry nor astonished. With a quick motion of his hand he brushed back the mass of brown hair that fell in disorder over his forehead. He said, "Why don't you want me to make love to you?"

In very low broken words, Ursula said that she was afraid, that as yet no man had ever touched her, that she didn't want it. She begged him not to be angry. She liked his kisses well enough, but nothing else. "I beg you, nothing else."

She didn't tell him that in the depths of her being, there was also an infantile panic at being found ignorant, at failing like a schoolboy who hasn't prepared his lesson; a fear that he would make fun of her. She didn't tell him that she was still in terror of the unknown thing before her, of that which came after the kisses, and which could not be in any way like what she had learned from Claude—certainly altogether different.

Philippe looked at her with astonishment. In his eyes, Ursula could see that he didn't believe she was a virgin—a virgin after a year in the Army! He certainly believed that she was just a little teaser playing the ingenue.

At first, Philippe said nothing. He took her in his arms again and resumed his kissing, as though his kisses could convince her better than words. But when it became clear that nothing was going to change in her, he studied her attentively with a reflective air, as though asking himself whether she was after all telling the truth, and whether she was indeed a virgin, a naive little girl.

Then he said gently, "Why are you afraid, Ursula? I won't hurt you. Why are you afraid to make the jump? Afterward you will be a woman. You have to become a woman sometime, and it will make you very happy, you know."

He said the things that all men say on this occasion, but he said them sincerely, gently, and Ursula was hearing these words for the first time.

She wanted to cry and to ask his forgiveness.

SHE wanted to; she wanted to; but she could not.

Philippe rose, poured himself a glass of whisky, and returned to sit next to her. He no longer attempted to kiss her, but he began to speak of his childhood, of his home and his parents, of their small estate in the Pyrenees, of his brother and sisters.

They talked quietly the rest of the evening.

It was past midnight. There was a discreet knock on the door. Doc entered with his young woman, who was as ele-

gant and as well made up as before. The young woman gave Ursula a little glance of complicity filled with secret understanding. Doc assumed the well-bred air of a gentleman who deliberately ignores the obvious.

They played the phonograph and danced a little, and then Doc said that he and the young woman were going to leave. Philippe helped Ursula into her coat, and the four of them left together.

The streets were black. There was no more wind, and the sky was filled with stars. Doc and the English girl hailed a taxi and drove off. Philippe and Ursula walked on without speaking.

**A**T her door Philippe asked her to meet him the following day for dinner. He apologized again, and then he took her in his arms and kissed her very long and gently.

Two days before her leave was up, Ursula said good-by to the family. She had already informed them earlier in the day that her leave was ending and that she had to return to London.

She packed her little valise, shook hands all around, promised to write, and thanked them.

Ursula left, clutching her valise, and met Philippe.

They went to dinner in a different restaurant, just the two of them, and Philippe danced with her during dinner, and taught her some new steps.

Ursula forced herself to eat in order not to offend him, but each mouthful was a torture. The food simply stuck in her throat. Happily, there was a desert of strawberries and cream, and that went better. Philippe seemed not to know what to do with her. He prolonged their stay at the table after dinner, ordering liqueurs, and finally he asked her if she would like to go to the movies.

Taking her courage in both hands, Ursula said clearly, "No, I'd rather go to your place."

Philippe seemed astonished. He looked at her hesitatingly, and then he took her hand without saying anything.

They rose and went out.

They entered the living room as they had the night before, but this time, as soon as the door was closed, Ursula asked Philippe to wait a moment, and went into the bathroom. She had no notion of preparatory caresses, of love play, of delays. Since she had decided to make love tonight, then it might as well be done, and quickly.

Alone, she undressed hastily, took off her medallion, folded her clothes, and placed the medallion on top. Although she had been raised without religion, it seemed to her that she could not wear the medallion—which one of her governesses had given her long ago—under these circumstances. Then, altogether nude, she returned to the living room.

Philippe had certainly not expected this. He was still standing there, in uniform, smoking. He saw the door open, and the girl enter and remain standing silently before him with her head lowered and her straight hair veiling her cheeks. He saw her childish little body, her tiny breasts, her thin arms, her

round knees, and the demarcations of her bathing suit, leaving her breasts and her hips all white in the midst of her bronzed body.

He approached, taking her face in his hands, and he raised her head and said, "Don't be ashamed, Ursula. Look at me. You are beautiful."

Philippe undressed and put on a woolen robe with green squares. He had not yet recovered from his astonishment, and seemed to be asking himself if he were dreaming. He picked Ursula up in his arms and carried her into his bedroom, placing her on the bed. Then in the dimness Ursula felt the naked body of a man touching her body. And now the terrible fear returned. The child began to tremble like a leaf; she trembled in all her limbs. Her teeth chattered, and she trembled and shivered without being able to control herself. Philippe kissed her and pressed her in his arms, but he felt the fear and resistance in her.

A sob of utter sorrow broke from the girl. Philippe began to rock her as one rocks a tiny, frightened creature. "My dear little girl, don't cry. Don't be afraid of anything. I won't touch you any more. You see that I can't touch you when you tremble like that. It stops everything in me. Look, little one, my baby, don't be afraid of anything. You are too small, you're still just a little girl. I don't want to hurt you. Now you're going to sleep with me, just nicely, without anything. Do you want to?"

Little by little Ursula calmed herself. She pressed herself against him. Philippe hugged her in his arms and talked to her soothingly, like a big brother, and she fell asleep.

In the middle of the night she awoke. Philippe was not asleep. He got up, turned on the bed lamp, and put on his dressing gown. He went to the kitchen and brought back a glass of milk for Ursula, and for himself a large glass of whisky.

Philippe watched her drink, sitting altogether naked in his bed, holding the glass in her two hands with her hair falling over her eyes. He got back into bed; they talked a little and fell asleep.

During those two days she lived at Philippe's, treated like a little sister; he never attempted to make love to her.

**P**HILIPPE would take her on his knees and say to her, "You remind me of the sea, the sun, and the sand. You do me good. You make me a better person. Someday you will love a man, and he'll marry you, and when you have a flock of children you'll think about old Philippe. As for me, you see I could never marry you because my only bride will always be the sea. And so it's better the way we are."

On the last day, Philippe took her to the station. He installed her in her compartment and bought her some sandwiches for the journey. Ursula leaned out of the window for his last kiss. Both knew that they would never see each other again and that they had lived through a strange episode together.

The train began to move. She saw

Philippe on the platform in his blue uniform, standing straight, watching the train disappear.

In spite of everything, Down Street, when Ursula entered again after a week of absence, had something of an aspect of home for her.

After dinner Claude noticed Ursula and made her a distant sign, smiling. Ursula rose and went toward her, and suddenly, as she was approaching Claude, she told me later, it was as though someone had at that instant cut a cord between them. Suddenly Ursula had a physical sensation as of a weight dropping away from her, setting her free. It was over in a second; she was advancing toward Claude, and in the next instant she knew that it was finished, that she was not in love with her any more.

And as Claude went on talking, Ursula saw her for the first time objectively.

**C**LAUDE'S magic power no longer "worked" on her. Ursula saw nothing more than a woman of forty, a handsome woman, very well made up, but with little lines at the sides of her mouth and a scattering of white hair.

Now she was free. . . .

Months passed. There were many new recruits, and the dormitories were full. In the Virgins' Room, Monique, our chemistry student, finished reading a passionately exciting chapter on enzymes, without hearing what was going on around her. Ursula took a last look, to be sure that her bed was properly made, and went down to her place at the little table in the hallway. She opened the registry to write down our names as we left the barracks.

Claude was not at the switchboard that day, as it was her day of leave, and Ursula was glad of it. Claude had become increasingly irritable of late, seeing nothing but enemies all about her, and it had become quite exhausting to listen to the endless repetitions of her quarrels.

Little by little the house emptied itself. Women came to scrub the hall; they were newcomers, passing their first weeks in taking care of the barracks. A corporal went by, and managed to find an excuse for making them redo the hall, which she considered badly scrubbed. One of the new recruits objected, and the corporal pierced her with a black look and a few well-chosen words.

Ursula recalled her first days in Down Street, three years ago, when she had been so proud of this uniform and had felt that she was surely going to help save France.

**D**ID she still think so? At bottom, yes. She had not yet lost all of her illusions. She realized that most of us no longer believed we were being useful to our country by living in Down Street. And yet we all still believed that after the war everything would change, that the golden age would begin, and that there would be love between nations.

She was sitting like that with her eyes closed when she heard herself called. "Good morning, Ursula." She

slowly opened wide her childlike eyes.

Just as on that first occasion three years ago, Michel was standing in front of her, with his slightly astonished look, his round face, his full mouth.

"Michel!" cried Ursula joyfully, and she jumped up, reaching her hand to him. An immense happiness flooded her. Michel had returned. Michel was found again.

Michel remembered everyone's name; he asked for news of Mickey, of Claude, of Jacqueline. As for him, he had been in Scotland all this time; now he was stationed in London again, and the Army was giving him free time to attend courses at the university. He was a corporal, he informed her, showing his stripes laughingly.

"Can you come to dinner with me tonight?" Michel asked.

It seemed to Ursula that everything had become the same as before. Once again she would ask for an eleven-thirty pass, she would go to dine in a little restaurant in Soho with Michel, and he would talk very little. She still knew little about him; but there was one difference—Michel had been so often in her thoughts that he now seemed close to her, and it was almost as though she were recovering a part of her childhood.

Evening came. Ursula found herself facing Michel over a little oilcloth-covered table. Michel spoke more freely than he had before. Suddenly Ursula too had a great deal to say.

Michel too believed in the reconstruction of the world after the war and in the United Nations, and when it was

Michel who spoke of these things all doubt seemed truly impossible.

Ursula asked him where his parents lived now, and Michel said, "In Palestine." After the war, he said, he would join them there.

When Ursula told me about all this, there was one thing that appeared to have touched her most. Michel spoke to her as an adult, she said, as a person with whom one could discuss anything at all, and Ursula felt proud that so intelligent a young man should consider her worthy of listening to all his ideas and projects. She was happy that Michel didn't resent her because of that other time when she had run away, and she was glad that he didn't speak of it.

He took her home to Down Street and said good night, lifting his black eyes toward her, profound and filled with gentleness.

Each day, when Ursula's duties ended, she met Michel. At the time, Michel was working in an office in the Polish GHQ in London.

By this time Ursula had begun to talk more freely to Michel, and one evening, a little to her horror, she found herself speaking of her experience with Claude. She told him everything then—her passion, her suffering, her fear of not being normal. She told him too about Philippe.

Michel reassured her. The affair with Claude didn't seem to shock him, nor the experience with Philippe. He took Ursula's hand in his, and with an awkward gesture plunged both their hands into the large pocket of his coat.

They went regularly now to dine at

Rose's, or in a little Italian restaurant in Soho, and sometimes Michel would take Ursula to the zoo, and they would amuse themselves like children.

About that time a whole group of us got into the habit of going out on bicycle trips in the environs of London on Sundays. We girls had all purchased secondhand bicycles, prehistoric machines upon which we were perched at vertiginous heights. Michel borrowed a bicycle from a friend, and we took along bread, cheese, and apples.

One Sunday most of us had dates in town, and Ursula alone left for a bicycle trip with Michel. It rained all day, a thin, acidulous little rain that drowned the countryside. Ursula laughed, raising her face to the rain. She was happy just to be alone with Michel.

Toward four o'clock they arrived in front of a little inn that seemed, as she described it to me, to have appeared out of a fairy tale.

"It's from the story of the witch who had a gingerbread house," Michel said. The roof was thatched, all shining with rain, and just beneath the roof the little windows seemed to peer at them with secret cunning.

In front of a log fire, the two grown-up children were served an English tea. There was no sugar, but there were hot buns and marmalade.

There was no more war. They were two young children who had taken refuge in the forest, far from the rain, far from the night, encircled in warmth and joy. Michel studied Ursula's pure face. Life had not touched her at all; everything had slipped from her as the rain from the thatched roof. She was still the same little girl who had opened the door on that night of the dance, when she had slipped outside to take refuge from the world. A little girl without a past, and with no knowledge of anything. She was like himself, she knew nothing, and he had no fear of her. One day he could take her in his arms and keep her. He kissed her once, and she had fled; but that had been some years ago, and then there had been Claude. He had even then suspected something of the sort, but he had not been sure. But now Ursula had told him everything, and Claude was no longer a danger.

He looked at her and was filled with a terrible desire for life. Suddenly Michel wanted to live. Yes, why shouldn't he claim her, and afterward take her to Palestine? Everything was possible! There was a whole world to rebuild! He could not die.

Ursula returned Michel's gaze. She too was happy, and she knew that this happiness and peace were in being with Michel. Then quite simply the words came from her: "How good it is here, Michel! I'm so happy! I believe it's because I love you." Then she halted indecisively, still looking at him.

He arose, and together they went to the window. Outdoors, the rain continued to fall. Michel encircled her with his arms and kissed her on the cheek. He held her pressed against him. They were exactly the same height, like two



children. He told her, "I have nothing to give you, neither a home nor security nor a future." But Ursula had never had any of these. His words made her laugh. Then she saw that Michel's eyes were filled with tears. She placed her thin arms around his neck and kissed him gently on the lips. Ursula had week-end leave until Monday. It seemed quite simple and normal to them to spend the night in the inn.

The bed was wide and very high, with a thick red eiderdown cover. This was a new experience for Michael as well as for Ursula, and both of them were a little afraid. They pressed close to one another and were somehow reassured in sensing each other's fear. After all, it was neither so terrible nor so difficult. Ursula suddenly thought of Philippe, and an infinite thankfulness rose in her because he had left her for Michael.

THEY fell asleep and then awoke, and this time their bodies were already acquainted with each other. The discovery had begun. It was still rather awkward and slow because they were deeply moved, frightened, and happy. But everything was so normal, so wonderfully and utterly normal, coming out of these mad years.

Now they were two together and the war was going to end.

They were the future.

Michel and Ursula had requested permission to be married. As they were both under twenty-one, they had to secure not only the permission of their superiors but also the consent of their parents. Michel wrote to his, in Palestine, and Ursula asked Claude to write a letter that she could enclose with her own to her mother in America. It was a year since she had written to her mother, and she had only an old uncertain address. Her father was in China and she did not know his address at all.

Claude wrote a wonderful letter; she spoke of loving Ursula as her own daughter, and declared that she knew Michel as a serious and intelligent young man. She said that she herself was old enough to be their mother, and believed that neither one of them could have made a better choice.

At the beginning of April Michel received a long letter from his parents, saying that they were happy that he had chosen a bride, and blessing the young people.

The letter to Ursula's mother came back marked "Unknown at this address," and Ursula sent a second letter to another address in California that she had found among her papers. They were waiting only for this response before beginning their formalities at the consulates, their respective armies, and the registration office.

Michel had a tiny room in the city, a cubbyhole filled with books. Ursula often went to meet him there. But sometimes, while he was waiting for her, he would fall prey to his pessimistic moods. Once all three of us had a rendezvous there, and I arrived a little before Ursula. To find him looking strangely depressed. That time he overcame his reticence, and talked to me.

Sometimes, he said, when he was waiting for Ursula, he couldn't help asking himself, What's the good of all this? What use is it to study and to get a degree, what use to dream of marriage, when after all nothing in the world has changed? Have I found any answer—the answer that I sought in Switzerland? Men are still fighting like idiots, and there is no end to the war. And after the war, what will be the answer? What's the use of going around in circles, and even of trying to construct something? What's the use of all that, if it's only in a world of hatred and destructiveness? One might as well die and be done with it.

Michel felt that he had no right to deceive Ursula about his inner beliefs, and yet he loved her, he wanted her to be happy. At least he could give her a short while of happiness.

The evening arrived gently, stealing in through the window and covering Michel's books. There was a knock at the door, and Ursula entered, looking at him with her limpid eyes. Michel took her in his arms, pressing her against him.

I knew that this was somehow to protect himself as well as her, somehow to keep himself from showing her his deepest bitterness. I knew too that he drew force from her, against his wish for death.

She said, "Michel, Michel, I'm happy!"

HE smiled gently, kissing her girlish round cheeks, caressing her long glossy hair. In Ursula's eyes I could read an elation that said, He can do anything! He will do great things! And in Michel's eyes there was the effort of all humanity, it seemed to me, to try to live.

As I saw them together, something unknotted in me. I wanted to cry, and at the same time I knew that I was healed of all the doubt and fear that had come into me through these years of living in the barracks. I would no longer be ashamed of seeking what was pure. I knew that someday I might hope to feel love like theirs, and I could wait.

The first of June brought a response from Ursula's mother. It was a strange, disconnected letter written in a disorderly handwriting, nervous and irregular. She wished her daughter great happiness, and at the same time warned her against marriage. Men were all egotists, she said; they were all cruel and untrustworthy. In closing, she said that she adored Ursula and was sure that she would be happy. "But do be sensible, dear, and don't have any children," she added.

The next day, Michel submitted his marriage request to the Army.

On the morning of June third, he telephoned Ursula at the barracks. He was at a railway station. He had just received his orders, and had to leave within half an hour. He thought it was for maneuvers and that he would be back in a week. He loved her and would write to her as soon as he could.

Ursula was not particularly disconcerted by this sudden departure. She

was used to the ways of the Army, and counted on seeing Michel the following week.

I had a very early errand in Mickey's office. Everyone was buried in the daily routine and life was relatively calm.

Suddenly there was a strange siren—one we had never heard before. A red-faced lieutenant burst into the room. At the same moment we all knew. We all cried out together, "They've landed!"

"In Normandy! At home!"

"The invasion!"

"They've landed!"

It was an unforgettable day. When I went out, the English stopped me in the street, shaking my hand and crying, "Vive la France!" American soldiers bought rounds of drinks for the English, and there was joy everywhere. The second front! The second front in which no one had believed any more, so long awaited on both sides of the Channel. Finally it was true! People were happy, as though the war were already over.

In the street, people tore the newspapers out of each other's hands. When I got back to our newsroom I found everyone clustered around the radio. The British and Americans were already advancing on the roads of Brittany and Normandy. The Germans were in retreat. The Maquis was fighting in the interior of France. The FFI had occupied German barracks, and the population everywhere was in revolt.

I didn't see Ursula until that evening.

So this was why Michel had left so quickly. Now we understood. Ursula was pale and nervous, but during dinner in Down Street she, like everyone else, talked of nothing but the invasion.

We realized that we would all soon be leaving to work with the Army, driving trucks and helping in all sorts of tasks in makeshift headquarters under the hazards of war.

That night there was dancing in the barracks, and the noise became intolerable. Ursula sat down on her bed and began to take off her stockings. Suddenly she jumped up and went running out of the room.

Worried, I followed her to the bathroom, and found her throwing up her entire dinner. I told her not to be worried, that it was the emotion of the day. But Ursula looked at me with her large eyes and said quite simply that she was going to have a baby. It was just the sort of news to learn on this day!

Ursula had already suspected it for a week. That afternoon she had been to see a doctor. He had told her that he could not yet be certain, but that it was more than likely that she was pregnant.

I SAID all that I could find to say. That it was wonderful, and that she should let Michel know right away, and perhaps he would be able to come back on compassionate leave, and they could be married.

Ursula received a postcard from Michel, sent from an English port before his departure. It contained his new military address, to which Ursula wrote

(Continued on page 52)



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long, passionate letters every day.

In Down Street, packing cases were being hammered closed. Everyone was preparing to leave, and some of the privileged had already left.

We passed an agitated week. All of us were so unnerved that we quarreled for no reason whatever. One felt that the Down Street period was coming to an end.

About two weeks after the opening of the second front I happened to be on Buckingham Road, passing the Polish headquarters, when I saw one of Michel's friends from the office to which he had been attached. The young man said to me, "You know the news?"

I FELT a sort of contraction in my heart, for the Polish soldier's face was grave.

"Michel was killed on the first day, during the landing. He got sixteen bullets in him while he was running to help another fellow who was wounded. His body was recovered. He's buried there, at Falaise, in Normandy."

I could scarcely keep from bursting into tears right there in the middle of the street. Ursula, poor Ursula! Poor Michel!

Once more I saw the round face, the great black eyes, the raised questioning brows, and the small plump form of Michel in his heavy khaki uniform. And I thought of all the things he had said to Ursula and Mickey and Jacqueline and me, about the future, and reconstruction, and the United Nations, the things he had not really believed in his heart. So he had been right. There was really only death, all death.

Suddenly I thought again of Ursula and the baby. It was frightening. What should be done? The Polish sergeant told me that a letter addressed to Ursula had been found in Michel's pocket, and that his chief had received the letter and had just informed Down Street that morning.

I had an important errand and couldn't get to the barracks. I had not been there for lunch, and I was afraid that Ursula might have been there and received the news. I hurried to Mickey's office. When I told her what had happened, she started to cry, soundlessly, weeping as we telephoned Down Street to find out if Ursula had come in for lunch. The sentry said no, and we concluded that Ursula could not yet have learned about Michel. We had the rest of the day to think of some way to protect her. We tried and tried to find a solution. It seemed to us that the child would be the only safeguard. She would have Michel's child to raise.

At the same time, we simply could not bring ourselves to believe that the gentle Michel, the foe of all that was hateful, could have been killed—not that particular boy, immediately, in the forefront of the liberating army. Mickey said frankly that perhaps it was a mistake, that he was a prisoner, that the news was false. I could see that she had to doubt, she had to deceive herself, for if Michel were only the begin-

ning of the list, if her Peter too . . .

Ursula had come to lunch at the barracks, after all. The sentry had not noticed her as she slipped in. Afterward, the sentry, along with the rest of us, had to piece together what had happened. Immediately after lunch, our captain had called Ursula to her office.

The Captain spoke very considerately, and Ursula said nothing. She did not cry. The Captain knew that she was to have married Michel, for the marriage request had passed through her office. But like nearly everyone else, she was ignorant of Ursula's pregnancy.

When Ursula sensed that the Captain had finished, she rose and went out. She seemed calm. The Captain reflected that the girl was quite young, and that the sorrows of love are transitory.

URSULA went directly to the infirmary. No one was sick just then, and the infirmary beds were vacant. Ursula quietly asked the nurse for some aspirin.

While the nurse went to get the aspirin, Ursula reached out her hand and took two vials of sleeping pills.

Then she went down to the kitchen in the basement. It was about three o'clock, and no one was there.

Ursula went to the cupboard, took a mug, went to the sink, poured water into it, and then emptied the contents of the two vials into the water. She took a spoon from a drawer and crushed the pills until they formed a white powder that floated in the water like a cloud in the sky.

Ursula must have gone about her task methodically, as if it were only one more of her duties, one more thing that she had to do; for she left no disorder behind her when she finished her bitter drink. There was only the mug on the table, with a spoon beside it, and a little of the white powder at the bottom of the mug.

She went upstairs to the Virgins' Room. How long she remained alone there no one knows. We know she was there, and that she must have been very calm, for afterward we found all her things neatly arranged together on her bed, as though she wanted to make everything as easy as she could for those of us she was leaving. Everything must have seemed quite natural and normal to her. Her life had begun with Michel, and now she was ending it with him. The future was already dead.

When she left the barracks, she slipped out by the kitchen door; so as not to have to pass before the table at the entrance, where she herself had so often sat guard.

After having telephoned the barracks, Mickey and I felt a momentary relief. We decided to get in touch with Ann, to help us break the news to Ursula.

I had to hurry to my office. I was able to telephone Ann during the afternoon. She took the news in her quiet, strong way, and saw at once that we would have to help Ursula support the shock. As I sometimes had to remain late at my office, Ann promised to be at the barracks before Ursula might

receive the bad news from the Captain.

Ann was the first of us to return to the barracks. She looked for Ursula's name in the register. Ursula had been marked out after breakfast, and had not been marked in again. Ann therefore concluded that Ursula was still in town, and knew nothing.

I got home soon afterward. Ann and I decided that Ursula had probably remained in town for dinner. It didn't occur to us to speak to the Captain.

Ursula must have wandered along the streets until her sleepiness became so powerful that she turned into Hyde Park, and found a quiet corner, between two trees. Although it was still early evening, she was unable to see anything; her eyes could no longer focus. She saw everything double, and the images trembled and danced and multiplied and retreated before her eyes. Her head ached, ached terribly; she had a pain in her stomach, and her heart pounded. Then she slipped to the ground, and curled up as wounded animals do, and she resisted no more.

When Ursula had not yet returned at eight o'clock, Ann reported the matter to the sergeant of the guard, who hurried to the Captain. We learned then that Ursula had been there at noon. She knew. Now the police were telephoned, and a description of Ursula was given out to all the stations in London and its environs and along the Thames.

Someone had telephoned Jacqueline, and she rushed over to Down Street to wait with us for the news that we knew must come. None of us in the Virgins' Room went to bed. We all waited in silence. The hours passed.

At midnight, although I knew I wouldn't sleep, I undressed and put on my pajamas. As I shifted my pillow I heard a soft rustling sound, as though the pillow had rubbed against paper. But I had left no paper there. Who, then? Could Ursula have left a note? My heart thudding, I lifted the pillow.

THERE was no note, but something more eloquent than anything Ursula could have written. It was a small snapshot that I had never seen before, a picture of Ursula and Michel, standing close together, smiling. It was her only legacy.

The next morning the door to the barracks was opened by two policemen, who carried in the body of Ursula.

She did not remain long in Down Street. For an instant we looked at her white face, her closed eyes, her blue lips; we saw the head fallen on the shoulder, and the dead hands.

The Captain's door was closed to us all. Only a few officers entered for secret conferences.

The body was taken away at once, no one knew exactly where, and the next day a lieutenant announced that Ursula Martin had been buried in the French military cemetery outside London.

EPILOGUE

It was eleven o'clock in the evening.

(Continued on page 54)

**"THE MONEY-SAVING WAY TO MAKE YOUR CAR GLITTER AND GLEAM AGAIN" — CAR LIFE MAGAZINE**

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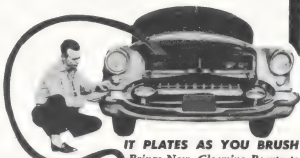
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(Continued from page 52)

We were tired, and nearly all of us were already in bed. Ginette was brushing her hair, and Ann was still in the bathroom.

The guards were on the roof, watching for bombs. They telephoned to Claude to ask for hot coffee, and Monique, who happened to be in the hall, said she would go down to the basement to prepare it. Monique had just gone down to the kitchen when a terrific explosion resounded all around us. In the same second the lights went out, and stones and planks and chunks of plaster and pieces of window rained down upon down us. I heard Ginette scream, and cries went up from all over the house.

After a time that seemed endless to us, we came to realize that a V-2 had fallen on Down Street. I remember that I was first of all stricken with astonishment. For four years we had seen buildings crumble all around us, but it seemed impossible that such a thing could happen now to us.

I MOVED carefully and stood up. I was unhurt. Ginette was bleeding, but she could walk. We felt our way forward in the darkness, climbing over piles of rubble until we found the door of the room. When I opened it, I saw that the hall was filled with women in pajamas. Someone had found a candle, and its flame cast a flickering light over the scene. The entrance to the building had been torn out, and with it the entire front of the house.

Already groups were climbing over the debris to reach the street. Presently we were all outdoors, and people came running toward us with flashlights. We were cold, and Ginette was wiping her bleeding forehead with a piece of cloth torn from her nightgown.

Opposite us was the big hotel, where a dance was going on. It was there that the ARP took us, and we made a sensational entrance in our torn nightclothes, with our faces covered with dust and blood, with our scratched bare feet and our still half-asleep, half-awakened air.

We were put to bed in the Turkish bath.

The next morning, in the graying dawn, I looked again on Down Street. The house was a ruin of blackened bricks, disemboweled, open to the sky, with its rafters torn from their moorings, its stones crushed, its windows smashed, its doors hurled from their frames. In a cluttered hole there was a barrel from which a red stream dribbled, forming a puddle, and under this mass of wreckage, of planks and iron and glass and shrapnel, the ARP searched with their shovels for the body of Monique, entombed in the ruins of the kitchen.

This was my last memory of Down Street. I gazed for a long while at the annihilated switchboard room, at the great assembly hall open to all the winds, at the bleeding, crushed house.

And three days later we landed in France.



Buckman could remember with a warm clarity the island's small, white bay and how the girl Raina had come to him there for the first time.

He had been stretched out, half-asleep on the sand. The soft washing of waves sounded in his ears. Off to the right was the island's small mountain. Coconut palms climbed the lower slopes of the mountain and great breadfruit, *burao* trees and red-flowering hibiscus grew in thick clusters under the glaring sun. Higher up the slope, the tropical foliage gave way to twisting, strange towers of bare grey rock that changed color during the day, according to the variations in atmosphere and sunlight.

He had been on the island for nearly a week. He could feel the strength flowing back into his body. The sun warmed his flesh. The sea breeze blew cool over his naked chest, face and arms.

The girl Raina had come silently. He became aware of her when she knelt beside him and he opened his eyes slowly to see her smiling. Ricard had already told him that there was no difficulty with the women of the island. One did not go after a woman who was already taken, of course, but a free woman, one who wore the white hibiscus blossom over her right ear—she was indeed fair game. And the women, the old Frenchman explained, would not play any games with him.

"To make love is like breathing or eating to them," Ricard said. "It is something very simple, you see. There is no tragedy to it as there is with us, you know?" He had laughed, shaking his head at this. "Once, you see, when I was very young, in Paris, I tried to kill myself over a woman. She was a very beautiful woman, of course. But . . ." And he laughed again as if he could no longer believe that this had actually happened to him. " . . . I did not kill myself very well. The bullet went into the ceiling instead of my head. But here—the men and the women, they would laugh at such a thing. They would say, why did you not just find yourself another woman, eh?"

Buckman remembered with what tender simplicity the girl had come to him on the beach. She reached down to touch his face with the tips of her fingers, tracing a line down to his lips and pausing there until he kissed her fingers, each one of them. She smiled and said something in the language he could still not understand. Her half-naked body seemed to burn with all the beauty and the power of the sun itself. Her breasts were youthful and full, perfectly shaped, so that if she remained motionless, she looked more like a statue than a real woman.

## Slit-Eye Devils

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As soon as he kissed her fingers, she lay down on the sand beside him and leaning over his face, she brought her mouth down on his, her hands on his shoulders, then rubbing down heavy across his chest as their bodies pressed tightly one against the other. Her closeness seemed to overpower him like whiskey gripping his brain, the dark of night reaching inside him to set the pounding of his passion free into the air like a perfect bird.

From that day on, Raina was his *wahine*, his woman. She came to live with him in the hut by the side of the lagoon that several of the older men, who had not been taken by the Japs, helped him build. She cooked his meals in the clay oven, made clothes for him, prepared the fine drinks that were made of fermented juices of coconuts and other fruits of the island and even the strange *kava*—a drink the color of dirty dishwater that, until you were used to it, tasted like chewing on paper that had been soaked in milk. Once you were past the taste, it was a drink with remarkable effects; it produced the sensation of being very drunk with a perfectly clear head. He'd never had anything like it before.

THEY would go swimming on the white beaches together and they would make love there as on their first time together. Buckman finding a deeper and more joyful fulfillment in this girl than he had ever known before. When he would go out in the pirogue to fish, she would always be waiting for him on the beach. She would run out into the surf and help him pull the boat in against the strong undertow. Together they would carry his catch up to their hut and she would prepare the fish—sometimes mixing as many as five kinds of raw fish, serving it in big chunks with breadfruit from which you broke off pieces to sop in thick coconut cream. There would be plantains, small red bananas, sweet potatoes, taro leaves in pork fat, banana and arrowroot pudding.

Life went on in this perfect manner for almost two years. Several times Buckman grew restless. He kept asking the old Frenchman if there was some way he could get news back to the Air Force or the Navy to tell them where he was so they could pick him up. The old Frenchman would always smile as one might smile at a child or a fool. He could not understand Buckman's wish to return to the war when he had such an excellent life for himself here.

"Besides," Ricard told him, "it does

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not matter what I think. There is no way to tell them anything. I do not think this island is on any map. I myself came here by an accident. It was the same with you. I think only God knows we are here."

But there were others who knew of the island.

It was a clear, warm day in September when Buckman saw the small gray boat sail into the harbor. He had been walking down to the beach to go out in his pirogue to fish when he saw it. He ducked back immediately into the brush and hid there. When he saw Raina coming, he called out to her to hide. She came running to where he was crouched in the bushes. Buckman saw several of the island women standing on the beach gossiping excitedly as the boat slowly entered the small cove.

As the boat came closer, Buckman could see three men. Two were dressed in dark trousers, one with a soiled white T-shirt, the other with no shirt at all. A third man, smaller than the other two, stood in the stern. He appeared to be ordering the other men about, pointing this way and that. He was dressed in a white cotton suit, the three buttons of his jacket buttoned. He wore a white straw hat square on the center of his head.

And then Buckman caught his breath when he saw that the three men were Japanese. He was about to turn and run back into the jungle with the girl when he realized that none of the Japs were dressed as soldiers or sailors and their boat was an ordinary wooden sailing craft with no sort of military insignia on it.

**T**HE first thought to occur to him was that they were espionage agents, but then he realized how ridiculous that was. What in hell's name would Japanese spies be doing trying to land on this island? The second thought that came to his mind seemed too impossible to be true: namely that the war was over.

Buckman took hold of Raina's hand and led her back through the brush to the hut of the old Frenchman. But he was hardly through the doorway, looking about the room for Ricard when the three Japanese came walking up the curved path under the palms. Buckman turned, pushed Raina behind him. He felt quickly at his side for the .45 but it was not there. He had not carried it for the entire two years he had been on the island.

The Jap in the white suit, seeing him, smiled broadly, showing thick white teeth that looked as if they had been colored with chalk.

"Greetings, my friend," the Jap said. Buckman saw that the one without a shirt was carrying a rifle; the other one had a revolver stuck into his belt.

"You speak English?" the Jap asked, standing now at the foot of the steps that led up to the porch.

"I speak English," Buckman said. "Ah, good," the Jap said, nodding. "In these islands, one never knows what language one will find. French, Dutch,

German, Italian, English . . . I am glad. My French is very poor and I speak no other language."

Buckman stood there. He did not speak. He could feel Raina trembling in close against him and then he remembered the stories Ricard had told him of how the Japs had come to the island and what they had done to the girls and he felt suddenly like going for this one's throat, but he held himself still.

Then the Jap, sensing his uneasiness grinned again and said, "I see you do not understand why we are here. You have been here very long?"

"Two years," Buckman said. "Maybe a little longer."

"Ah—yes," the Jap said. He turned to his companions and said something in Japanese and then he turned to Buckman again and said, "Then you do not know. The war is over, my friend. There is no more war. It has been over for almost a year now."

"I see. . . ."

"So perhaps I should congratulate you," the Jap said. "You won the war, you know." He shrugged. "Someone must win a war," he continued. "There should not be hard feelings when it is over. That is what I myself believe. No hard feelings at all. Like in one of your American baseball games. Someone must always win and so someone must always lose. Am I not right?"

"What brings you here now?" Buckman asked.

"Business," the Jap said simply. "Before the war, I was a trader. And so after the war I will be a trader. I always went from one island to the other to see what was to be had there that I could sell. You do not mind, I hope."

Later that day when Ricard returned and he and Buckman and the Jap sat about for some time talking and drinking some sake the Jap brought from the boat, Buckman noticed a distinct restlessness he had never seen before in the old Frenchman. When the Jap left to look about the island for a while, Buckman asked the Frenchman what he thought, but Ricard merely shrugged and said, "The war is over. Who knows what one is to think." But still the restlessness, was in the old eyes and Buckman wondered why.

**T**HE Japs lived on their boat, anchored in the small bay. They were all extremely polite to Buckman and Ricard and to the natives. They mixed hardly at all with anyone. During the days they would explore the island. At night, they would remain on the boat.

The first time Buckman felt a sense of definite danger, after that first afternoon on the beach, was when he had seen the Jap in the white suit—whose name was Kuizamo—hiding in the bushes when he and Raina were swimming together in the lagoon near the hut.

It was late in the afternoon. Buckman had come in from fishing with a good sized tuna. He had found Raina asleep on their mat. Buckman was always amused how there were absolutely no regular hours on the island. He ate when he was hungry—not at nine and twelve and six. If he felt like sleeping

for an hour or two, he lay down on a mat or on the beach or in the shade of a banyan tree and slept. If he chose to make love at two in the afternoon or at twelve at night, it was all the same. Here there was no such thing as an eight hour day; here there was something civilized men would never understand—a 24-hour day.

He had stretched out beside her on the mat and as soon as she felt his body, she turned against him, her eyes still closed, a faint smile about her lips. She reached her arms over to embrace him and then they began to make love, almost in slow motion, her eyes closed all the while, as if she were dreaming it and her flesh seemed to have the power to reach into him to find depths that he had never known even existed. He kissed her shoulders when they were finished and she smiled and said, "I am your body now. Your heart beats in my breasts. I taste with your mouth. I feel with your thighs and with your belly and that is good."

**T**HEY slept for a time and then, waking to see the sun turning a softer gold off to the west, they got up, both of them naked, and went to the lagoon and there swam about lazily. Raina would laugh when Buckman dove down to grab hold of her legs under water and then she would twist away and hold his head down for a moment. He would come up spouting great streams of water like a whale and she would reach out to take him and hold him to her.

And then Buckman saw the white form crouched down among a cluster of oleanders and maid of Moorea flowers on the bank of the lagoon. The Jap looked absurd crouched down there in his white suit buttoned all the way and the straw hat perched on the center of his head. He was watching them, grinning until he realized Buckman had seen him and then he turned quickly away. But what Buckman noticed that gave him an indication of danger was that while he was watching them, the Jap had been holding a .38 in his hand as if he had been waiting for an opportunity to take a pot shot at one of them.

When Buckman told Ricard what had happened, the old Frenchman nodded as if this was exactly what he had expected all along. Then he said, "I have been afraid it would start. Now, I think there will be more of it. You must be very careful."

"But what in hell do they want here?" Buckman asked him.

And all the old Frenchman said was, "They want what the devil put here." And he would say no more.

Buckman told Raina to be careful, to watch the Japs closely when they were anywhere about, and to stay away from them as much as possible. He told the other women and the few men who were left also. They nodded in a way that seemed to say they had known this for a long time.

There was something going on now that everyone seemed to know about but him, Buckman thought. It was as if

(Continued on page 58)



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Complex 5 Mgm.	Vitamin M 5 Mgm.	Vitamin N 5 Mgm.	Vitamin N 5 Mgm.
12,500 USP units	12,500 USP units	12,500 USP units	12,500 USP units
1,200 USP units	1,200 USP units	1,200 USP units	1,200 USP units
Vitamin C 75 Mgm.	Vitamin C 75 Mgm.	Vitamin C 75 Mgm.	Vitamin C 75 Mgm.
Vitamin B <sub>1</sub> 5 Mgm.	Vitamin B <sub>1</sub> 5 Mgm.	Vitamin B <sub>1</sub> 5 Mgm.	Vitamin B <sub>1</sub> 5 Mgm.
Vitamin B <sub>2</sub> 5 Mgm.	Vitamin B <sub>2</sub> 5 Mgm.	Vitamin B <sub>2</sub> 5 Mgm.	Vitamin B <sub>2</sub> 5 Mgm.
Vitamin B <sub>6</sub> 5 Mgm.	Vitamin B <sub>6</sub> 5 Mgm.	Vitamin B <sub>6</sub> 5 Mgm.	Vitamin B <sub>6</sub> 5 Mgm.
Vitamin E 5 Mgm.	Vitamin E 5 Mgm.	Vitamin E 5 Mgm.	Vitamin E 5 Mgm.
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ALL ORDERS RUSHED IN PLAIN WRAPPER

there was an important secret no one would tell him.

But then on that night in Ricard's hut, Buckman discovered for himself just what it was all about.

Ricard had asked Buckman and Raina to come to his hut for dinner. Ricard's woman, the very beautiful girl, Sai, would prepare the fine suckling pig in the rock pit in back of the house, covering it with *taro* leaves and many kinds of shellfish, cooking it for the entire day on the slow heat.

It was a little past eight when Buckman and Raina came up the path to Ricard's hut. As soon as they turned into the ring of light that flowed through the high doorway, Buckman could see shadows struggling back and forth and then he heard the Frenchman's voice cursing and grunting and the sound of a woman whimpering in the background.

He ran up the path, onto the porch and when he entered the hut, he saw the Jap in the white suit standing over the old Frenchman with a knife in his hand, apparently ready to plunge the long blade into Ricard's chest. There was already a deep, long bleeding cut on one side of Ricard's face. The blood streamed all over him, into his mouth, over his chest and arm.

**B**UCKMAN made a flying leap for the Jap's legs, caught him higher than he had intended so that instead of going down, the Jap's body reeled and struck the palm frond wall, shaking the hut. Ricard cried out, "The knife!"

Buckman grabbed for it, but the Jap was too quick for him and the knife slashed down across his chest, ripping the flesh open from his shoulder almost down to his stomach and the blood poured out, spilling over them both now, over the white suit and the yellow flesh. Buckman brought his knee up into the Jap's groin and the Jap howled, his thick teeth bared like a tiger's.

Buckman struck the Jap a hard blow across the mouth. The Jap's cry caught in his throat. Buckman's knee came down into the Jap's stomach, pounding down into the soft flesh twice, the Jap gagging for breath as the knife dropped from his hand. Ricard raced over quickly, picked up the knife and was about to plunge it down into the Jap's agonized face when Buckman cried, "No!" And he struck the Jap once more, this time, across the eyes, opening a large cut there and in a matter of moments the eye was almost completely closed.

When he felt the Jap's body limp beneath him, Buckman, breathing heavily, stood up. He was shaky on his feet. Raina rushed to him, grabbed hold of his arm.

"You all right?" he asked Ricard and the old Frenchman said, "Oui, oui. Yes, I am all right, but you . . . your chest."

"Nothing deep," Buckman muttered. "Quick—water," Ricard said to Raina. She went to fetch it immediately. The Jap lay there quite still on the floor, breathing deeply, one side of his face covered with blood that came oozing

slowly from the eye wound and the white suit was splattered with both his own blood and Buckman's. And what he had not noticed until now—there was a deep knife wound in the Jap's chest, a black mark of blood on the white jacket like a badge of death.

The Jap was dead by morning. His two companions fled, seemingly as helpless as puppets without a puppeteer. The gray boat sailed out of the small bay before dawn and it was never seen again.

It was that night, as Raina dressed the chest wound and Sai took care of the old Frenchman's cut face, that Ricard told Buckman of the pearls.

"You see," the old Frenchman explained to him, "that is what they came for. I do not know who told them. Perhaps they were among the ones who came during the war. But that is what they were looking for. If they could not find them, they would have perhaps twisted my arm a bit, you know?"

Ricard went on to explain that there was a fortune in black pearls to be found on the island, in the lagoons on every side of it. Buckman immediately realized that he had seen these pearls everywhere. He had seen the children playing with them as toys. He had seen the women wearing them about their necks. He had seen them as decorations in clay vases and dishes. The people of the island apparently used them with complete abandon. They placed no special value on them.

"I came here many years ago," Ricard continued. "You know—a young man out to make his fortune. And when I saw the black pearls here, I knew that I could have as much money as a king. With such a fortune I would be able to return to France, to Paris, and there I would be able to have anything I wanted." Here he smiled and nodded and softly he said, "Anything," as if it were part of a song he was singing in his mind. Then he raised his old, very clear eyes to look at Buckman and he said, "But here—right here, you see I found there is everything I want—everything. What can a man want more than to be perfectly happy, eh? Is that not right, my friend? And here to be happy in such a way I do not need the pearls. As you have seen for yourself, here the children play with the pearls. They are toys. I think that is right and that it is how it should be."

**R**ICARD then went on to tell Buckman that if he remained on the island, he would find more happiness than he could ever find back in the world where men had been turned into wild beasts by their lust for so many things that would never make them happy.

But now, with such a fortune within his grasp, Buckman felt a new, terrible hunger to return to his own country. Nothing the old Frenchman could say was able to change his mind. The thought of all that would be his back in New York, pulled too strongly for even the love of Raina to quiet.

When he convinced Ricard that he had to return to his home now, the old Frenchman nodded sadly.

"Perhaps you are right," he told Buckman. "But I do not think so." Then: "You saved my life. You are my good friend, I do not wish to see you leave. But if you must, then these are yours." And he handed Buckman a leather bag. When he opened the bag Buckman saw more than a hundred black pearls that were magnificent to behold, much larger than any he had seen about the island.

"These I once gathered for myself," Ricard said, "when I too was young. They would have bought me all of Paris. Now—now, my friend, they are yours. They will be enough to buy the rest of your life for you. You will live like a king." Then Ricard made Buckman promise that he would tell no one of the island. "I do not want it spoiled," the old Frenchman said.

Ricard himself, with two of the other men of the island, took Buckman to an island that was located some 60 miles to the north.

Here, in a matter of weeks Buckman would be able to pick up a passing freighter and return to his home.

The two men parted sadly.

Now Buckman could recall clearly the sorrowful look of the old man's eyes. Standing there on deck in the starry dark, Buckman smiled slowly, turning the pearl over between his fingers. It would be very good to see the sorrow in Ricard's eyes change to joy tomorrow when he would step ashore and tell him that he had been right—that even with such a fortune, he could not buy the simple ease and happiness he had known on the island. . . .

**N**OW he was truly returning home. He knew that Raina, too, would perhaps even cry for joy and surely the tears would flow from his own eyes and he could not wait to take her incredible body up against him and feel its wild tenderness like a kind of heaven men have put aside for so many kinds of hell.

He was returning home now, and one day he would be as old as Ricard and the sun would have tanned his skin almost to leather, and there would be the young look in his eyes and the youthful vigor in his body. He would age, but it would be a smooth, graceful process.

But most of all, there would be that which no fortune in all the world can buy—the deep knowledge that his life had been a joyful one, a free good life that would seem almost to have been stolen from a memory of what paradise had once been. ● ●

#### PHOTO CREDITS

P. 12, *Oregon Journal*; p. 13, *Oregon Journal*, Gideon Bachman; p. 14, *Oregon Journal* (2); p. 20, UPI; p. 21, author; pp. 26-29, Peter Gowan, Topix; p. 35, author; p. 36, UPI; p. 37, Gideon Bachman; p. 38, WW; p. 39, U. S. Marine Corps; p. 40, U. S. Marine Corps, WW; p. 41, UPI; p. 60, Russ Meyer, Globe. This month's cover was painted by Jim Bentley.

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—E. H. Payne, Little Rock, Ark.

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# from Guy to Guy... /

## How'd Seductive Rosie Do It?

To the Editor:

Enjoyed very much your yarn about the beautiful "V.I.P." Seducer," Rosie Nitribitt (GUY, July). —but I find the story just a trifle incredible, despite the factual documentation your writer gives. . . .

How could any dame, however sexy and beautiful, jump from plain GI's to all those kings in just three years?

J. E. Simpson  
New Orleans, La.

*Search us, Mr. Simpson. All we know is, the amazing facts on Rosie are a matter of record.—Editor.*

## Wants \$5.90 Boat

To the Editor:

I do a lot of fishing between the lakes are so near by, but I've always had to rent a boat. In your column, "The Outdoor Guy," I read about a boat that I think I can afford—for \$5.90. I, and some of the people where I work, would appreciate very much knowing where we might buy such a vessel.

Can you fill us in?

Wm. Nelson  
Bronson, Mich.

*The boys at Aviation Surplus will doubtless be tickled to fill your order if they have the craft currently in stock; write them at Box 789, York, Pa.—Editor.*

## No. 2 Teenage Desire?

To the Editor:

In GUY, I noticed that a survey of teenagers shows, surprisingly, that their No. 1 urge for the future is to have a home with three bathrooms. . . .

What is the second biggest wish of these crazy, goofed-up kids?

Sal Yerby  
Chicago, Ill.

*Oddly enough, the second most*

*wanted thing by the sprouts is money. They all want 10G per year.*

—Editor.

## Fortune Cookie

To the Editor:

I love those gorgeous Eurasian girls—they have all the yeast of the East and the zest of the West. I especially go for the doll France Nuyen, who is so great in "South Pacific."

You say in your magazine that France goes for eats the way some folks go for sin. Well, I think that I'm the man for her. I'm a short-order cook—but I'm taking courses by mail to become a chef. (I started after reading about Miss Nuyen's love for food.) I can cook her great steaks, egg foo yong . . . and make her happy in other ways.

(Name Withheld)  
San Francisco, Calif.

## What's Under the Rocca?

To the Editor:

That's a great photo of Antonio Rocca in GUY (July). I follow the wrestlers, and I think it's the best picture of the sport that I've ever seen.

You've aroused my curiosity about one thing: Who's the other half of the 500-pound grunt-and-groan "pretzel"?

Sammy G. Prall  
Houston, Texas

*The other slab of beef goes by the name of Dr. Jerry Graham. Thanks for the nice words about the pix—and give due credit to the lads at Wide World Photos.—Editor.*

## Buried Earp Too Early

To the Editor:

The letter you printed in your last issue of GUY was a fascinating slice of Western Americana. Somebody ought to get this fellow Fred Bender to do a book on his unbelievable family, the so-called "Bloody Benders."

I think, however, that Mr. Bender erred on one point. He says

that he was a mourner at Wyatt Earp's funeral "... at the little cemetery near Daly City when he died just before World War I. . . ."

Isn't this burying the Tombstone character just a decade too soon? I had the impression he died in the late '20's.

Jesse Mazza  
Boston, Mass.

*Quite right, reader Mazza. GUY's research shows that Wyatt Earp died in Los Angeles in 1929—a bad year all around.—Editor.*

## Doesn't Moon for June

To the Editor:

Who does this babe June Wilkerson think she is, coming over from England and acting as though she has something our home-grown blondes don't have. Let's admit your pictures in GUY, July, prove that she has a 43 inch chest expansion. This isn't everything—I'll take Jayne Mansfield even though she's a loser by 2 inches. . . . I think you fellows have a lot of nerve printing pictures of this Wilkerson female when there are so many great American beauties floating around the beaches and swimming pools of our native U.S.A., God bless it. . . .

Some time, you might print another picture of June. . . .

Ed Kiest  
Westport, Conn.

*See below.—Editor.*



Jayne's rival?

# 4 Skin Specialists' Secrets that erase Acne Pimples Blackheads, Oily Skin Amazing NEW combination treatment



Takes only 30 seconds to use each of the miraculous 4 skin treatments in the "7 Day Clear" sample package. Think of it! All yours for only \$1 if you act now!

Here's the most startling news ever published for you millions who suffer terrible embarrassment, perhaps even permanent scars from acne pimples, blackheads and oily skin. Four of the most amazingly effective skin treatments prescribed by dermatologists have been released to you in one big sample package... all without a prescription! Yes, now at last you can get a complete 4-way treatment that is at least 75% more effective than any old hat "one way" method you may have used—hopelessly trying to rid yourself of these stubborn skin conditions! With this new 4-way combination treatment you put an end to embarrassment instantly... for it HEALS as it HIDES your ugly blemishes!

Most amazing of all, you don't risk one penny to PROVE the miracle this new shortcut to clearer skin will perform... impossible to achieve with just one product!

Even if you decide to keep all four of these formulas prescribed by skin doctors... you only pay \$1 for handling charges! You must see a tremendous improvement the very first day or your dollar will be returned immediately! You must see a clearer skin in 7 days or we pay you... we'll send you a check for \$2. No pharmaceutical company making a product that's sold with or without a prescription would dare make such a claim! The reasons are obvious: you just can't cover up, you just can't clear up your blemishes with one product! Ask any dermatologist—he'll tell you!

## Here's Why We Make This

### Unheard Of Offer!

The truth is every man and woman in the United States has suffered with teenage trouble, at some time in his or her life! Acne pimples alone attack 80% of boys and girls to their great social embarrassment and discomfort. That's why we make this amazing limited offer to introduce you to the most trusted, the most widely accepted, the most effective 4-way treatment ever offered. We want to pre-

tically GIVE this generous medicine chest containing four wonder formulas to the first 100,000 men and women who write in... because we know you will be wildly enthusiastic with the results you get in as little as 7 days and you will tell others who are afflicted with these embarrassing skin conditions! In a short time, this 4-way skin regimen will be available through drug and department stores at four or five times the price you pay! So act now.

## FIGHTS SKIN BLEMISHES FOUR WAYS!

The name of this truly amazing 4-way medicated treatment is called "7 Day Clear"... it goes to work instantly to help clear up your blemishes while it covers up your blemishes... in as little as seven days! IT TAKES LESS THAN 30 SECONDS TO USE EACH TREATMENT! Here's what you do...

(1) First you use "7 Day Clear" Medicated Soap containing wonderful "colloidal sulphur" prescribed by skin specialists. It dries up and dissolves dead skin cells, cleanses excess oils, purifies deep down, helps DRY UP unightly blemishes. You'll love its rich gentle foaming lather.

(2) Second, you use amazing "7 Day Clear" Medicated Blemish Cream. It's greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use. This miraculous invisible cream contains "Allatone" which proved effective in 108 out of 109 stubborn skin conditions tested! It "permutes the pores," soothes, heals, unplug clogged pores, helps CLEAR UP that unsightly skin!

(3) Next, you use the astonishingly effective "7 Day Clear" Medicated Lotion. It's a bactericide, does away with pus-forming germs and bacteria, eliminates scaly residue, treats infected pustules, closes pores... safeguards against spreading infection!

(4) Last, you use the incredible "7 Day Clear" Blemish Stick! This is naturally flesh colored—is impossible to detect even in glaring sunlight or under 150-watt bulbs! You "cover up" those ugly blemishes with the flick of a finger! IT HEALS as it HIDES! And boys and men can use it without anyone discovering their secret... regardless of whether they are light or dark complexioned!

That's all there is to it! You can be certain the "7 Day Clear" fourways will give you the results you've always wanted! This proven Therapy helps rid you of acne pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, and other externally-caused skin blemishes FASTER, more COMPLETELY than any single remedy you've ever tried! Most important of all, it HEALS as it HIDES! The very first second you try this amazing combination treatment you: (1) make sure that embarrassing skin eruptions VANISH FROM SIGHT! You'll have renewed confidence, step out with the wonderful feeling that goes with a CLEAR complexion!

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(3) you'll know the four most effective healing formulas prescribed by dermatologists are at work "outside and deep inside" to help clear up your skin... in a matter of hours, days!

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## Yank Spy

continued from page 31

condition. And when I finally was able to get around once again without the help of my friends, I found that I was left with a limp that. . . ." (Here Thomas Beeler found that his grandfather's narrative left off. Eight pages were missing.)

"... a short distance from Richmond, and this area was made our base of operations."

Richmond was one of the nerve centers of the Confederacy, in addition to being the capital and the home of Jeff Davis. From Richmond came the railroad trains laden with vital and much needed supplies for the Southern Armies under the command of Robert E. Lee.

Beeler's tactics were to strike and run. From small hills, from the forests, from almost open fields affording little or no protection, they fired on startled Confederate troops. They robbed supply wagons for their needs. They had ample supplies of ammunition and food; each man now rode a horse. But Rebel patrols were increasing, and it was growing more and more difficult to avoid them.

**A**FTER four months of living this way, the three men had grown beards, and they now wore stolen clothing. One night, Howell returned from a farmhouse they had raided earlier in the day.

"Aaron," said John Howell. "We got us some trouble. I went back to that old man's farm about an hour ago and heard him talking to a couple of Rebs. He was sayin' that he'd been robbed of some chickens and a hog. When the Rebs asked him if he knew who done it, he told 'em 'no' but he said he'd seen smoke out this way. So I guess it's time we was trying to get back through the lines."

"I hate to leave now, John," Beeler answered. "We're doing so much good, it'd be a shame to just walk away from it."

"We can't last much longer, livin' this way, Aaron," cut in Robert Brown. "They're on to us by now. They'd have to be." He chuckled. "We've been doing a mite too much damage for them not to figure us out."

Aaron mulled this over, his head bent in thought. He looked up. "Let's give ourselves another week or so. Meanwhile, we'll ride a bit from here. Maybe the patrols won't be as heavy, and if the Rebs know we're here now, they won't figure us to be leaving quite so soon."

The men nodded assent, and the three of them heaved into their saddles. After an hour's ride due south they reined in before a large, white-columned

mansion. A sign, newly painted on good wood, proclaimed in bright, red and white letters, "Goodbody House." Every window on the ground floor was lit up.

"What do you think, Aaron?" asked John Howell hopefully. "I believe a good, soft bed would feel mighty nice, don't you?"

Howell and Brown sat their horses as Aaron dismounted. Before he could walk up onto the yellow-painted porch, however, a figure appeared at the door. "Hssst," signaled Brown.

Aaron fell back as a woman stepped out of the door, and stood framed in light. "Who's there?" she called.

Aaron took off his hat, stepped forward. "It's only me and my friends, ma'am. We were hoping you might put us up in your barn, seeing as how you've got such a fine place here. We'd be mighty grateful if you'd help us with a place to stay for a while."

"Come here into the light," she ordered. "You got any money?"

"Enough to pay our way, ma'am." He looked at her before he answered. She stood in the middle of the shaft of light spilling out of the doorway. She was tall, almost as tall as he and about the same age, he figured, in her middle twenties. She had a slim, graceful neck that descended into a milk-white bosom, her breasts barely bound by her scoop-necked frock. Her straw-colored hair was tied in a loose bun at the back of her neck.

Suddenly she smiled. "Welcome to Sarah Goodbody's House," she said. "You're a mite dirty, but a little water will wash you and make it easy for you to shave if you like. You'll stay here, not in the barn."

The two men dismounted and came up to the porch, while a boy of about 15 took care of their horses. Aaron was the first to walk into the house. She stood in the doorway, partially blocking his path, and he had to squeeze by her to get in. He felt the gentle pressure of her breast on his shoulder as he passed and his breath caught in his throat.

Inside, he looked at the large room, then started back in surprise. Four Confederate officers were seated around a large circular table playing cards; other men, not in uniform, lounged about the room talking to each other, to the seven or eight girls circulating, bringing them drinks. Nobody took much notice of the three men as they entered. They glanced up with little curiosity, then returned to whatever they had been doing.

"Miss Goodbody," said Aaron hurriedly, "I think maybe your house is a little too fancy for us. We'd prefer the barn if you don't mind."

She threw back her head and laughed, exposing a row of fine white, tiny teeth. "Hear that, boys?" she called to the men sitting in the room. "He says they're too dirty for a fine place like this."

This provoked a round of laughter from all the men, as well as from the girls. Two of the girls came forward, took Howell and Brown by the arms, and drew them to a purple velvet-covered settee. The men followed without too much resistance, grinning sheepishly at Aaron as they sat down with the girls. One was a tall, redheaded with a French accent, the second, Robert's companion, was shorter, blackhaired, but with blue eyes.

"I suppose you'll be wanting to take your bath first," the mistress said to Aaron. "Just follow me. Plenty of hot water for these gentlemen, Marie," she called to a tall, girl standing behind a mahogany bar. Aaron followed her up the curving staircase. She stopped before a room on the second floor. "You can undress in there," she said. "Hot water will be along in a minute."

Aaron found himself in a spacious room, comfortably furnished. Against one wall was a large chest, a closet next to it. In the center of the room stood a great four-poster bed with a thick satin cover. He threw himself full length on the bed, and sighed. Just as he began to doze off, the door was thrown open; two men and a boy entered, one carrying a large wooden bathtub, the others two buckets of steaming water each. They filled the tub, and started to leave. Aaron stopped the boy.

"Just a minute, lad." He handed the boy a silver dollar. "That's for taking care of our horses. Now tell me something: What kind of house is this? Who is Sarah Goodbody?"

**T**HE boy was startled. "You ain't from 'round here, are you, mister? Lot's of men come from miles around to Miss Goodbody's house. There's some say that there ain't no finer entertainment nowhere. Always lots of soldiers 'round, too. Gotta feed the dogs, mister. Gotta go back to work."

"What dogs, lad?"

"You just look out your window, mister, you'll see the dogs. Them hounds just love Miss Sarah. Won't mind nobody else." He turned and closed the door behind him.

Beeler went to the window. For a moment he could see nothing in the darkness; then he could barely make out the forms of two great hounds chained to a stake in the middle of a yard. At one end of the yard was the entrance to a large barn.

At that moment, the boy came out of the back door of the house carrying a pan of meat. He stood clear of the length of chain holding the dogs, and threw the chunks of meat to them. They woke immediately and began howling fiercely at him. He threw the rest of the meat quickly, then ducked back inside the house. The dogs bolted the raw meat, howled once or twice more, then settled down to sleep again.

Aaron shrugged his shoulders. He



stripped rapidly, and gingerly lowered himself into the tub. The steaming water floated around his body, caressing his worn muscles, relaxing them. He began to feel drowsy again. His head slumped forward.

"Aaron Beeler, you're supposed to sleep in the bed not the bathtub." He heard the tinkle of her laughter behind him, and sank lower into the tub in an effort to cover himself.

"Here," she said, "give me that cloth. I'll scrub your back."

Unresistingly he let her take the cloth from his inert hands. "How do you know who I am?"

"Well, word is out that three Yankee soldiers have been making the Rebs hurt a few miles north, and that the leader's name is Aaron Beeler. When three men ride to my door out of nowhere, I just put two and two together."

"Why didn't you say something to those Rebs downstairs, then?"

"Who says I don't like what you're doing?"

HE was too tired now to try figuring out what she was saying and he allowed himself to relax under the smooth, strong action of her fingers massaging his back. When she finished she handed him a towel, turned her back as he got out of the tub, dried and wrapped the towel around his waist. Then she turned to him again, ran her finger lightly across his bare chest.

"Aaron," she murmured, a slight smile creasing her lips, "how long have you been out there?"

"Four months," he answered quietly.

"That's a very long time, isn't it?"

"Too long," he said, staring into her eyes. Then she lowered her gaze. He could see the swell of her breasts straining against the fabric of her dress, the rapid rise and fall of the smooth line. She leaned toward him.

"Too long for what, Aaron?"

"Just too long." He put his arms around her and pulled her to him, and she responded with a fire that overwhelmed him, a blaze that took hold of his body, tumbling him end over end in a much wanted dizziness. . . .

"For seven days we remained in Goodbody House, for seven days we rested and replenished our strength and our bodies. For the first time since I had been wounded my leg no longer twinged with pain at every step, yet I still had my limp. . . .

"Sarah, I thought, was an amazing woman. In the midst of a Rebel stronghold, not far from the Confederate White House in Richmond, here was woman whose heart and soul was opposed to the attackers of our Union, who was willing to do anything in her power to help Mr. Lincoln hold the Union together."

(Here, again, two pages of the book were missing. As nearly as Thomas Beeler could figure, his grandfather had received word of an important supply train leaving from Richmond for the front. It consisted of two carloads of powder and shot, one of foodstuffs, and three of troops.)

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knew we could not remain at Sarah's much longer without being discovered for what we were. Therefore, we would attempt to destroy the train and immediately thereafter make for Union lines and our own Army."

The plan was deceptively simple. The train was due to leave Richmond at seven in the morning. At five the three men would leave Goodbody House. Three miles away the tracks curved to avoid a small heavily wooded hummock. The curve was not sharp enough for the train to slow down; a ripped track would be enough to derail it. A torch thrown on top of the wooden ammunition car, in the confusion would rapidly burn through; they would wreck the train and throw the line out of commission for days.

AARON described the plan in detail to Sarah the night before, omitting only the exact spot where the derailment would take place. He reached out his hand to hers: "If anything goes wrong, we'll come back here and hide in the barn until nightfall. He felt the answering pressure of her hand and turned toward her. . . .

When he awoke in the morning she was gone. He dressed rapidly, met Brown and Howell in the deserted room on the first floor. They went out of the house, around the back to the barn for their horse. Near the barn door, the two hounds were chained. As they caught sight of the men, the dogs leaped to their feet, yowling in rage. Howell drew his six-gun.

"They won't get loose, don't worry," said Aaron.

"They'd better not. I'd just as lief shoot them as not," Howell said. "They're the only thing around here I don't like."

They mounted their horses and rode to the curve.

"Here," Aaron muttered.

They worked silently, struggling to rip up a section of track on the inside curve. It was hot, hard work. Suddenly they heard the whistle of the train.

"Lord," Brown whispered. "She's ahead of schedule. We'll never do it in time. She's too close."

"Keep working," panted Aaron, his

powerful shoulders and arms bare and glistening with sweat. They heard a shout, and a ten man Confederate Cavalry patrol raced toward them. "Hold them off," Aaron cried.

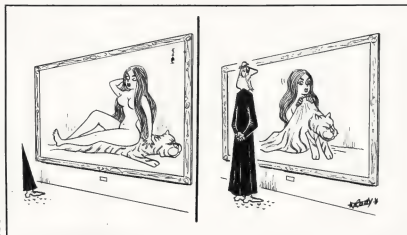
Brown and Howell fell to their knees, firing and reloading as quickly as possible, scrounging what little cover they could from the trees and rocks. All the Confederate shots seemed to be aimed at Aaron, but amazingly none connected, as he panted and struggled with the lever on the track. Suddenly the firing stopped, and he realized that both Howell and Brown had been hit at almost the same time. With a sob in his throat, he looked up and saw the train bearing down on him; approaching from the same side was the remainder of the patrol, now only seven in number. Howell and Brown had had some effect before dying.

With one last heave on the lever, he felt the satisfying thump as the rail finally gave way; he leaped out of the track-bed barely in time to miss the trains wheels, knelt and grabbed one of the two pitch torches, struck a flint to it, praying that it would light immediately. It did, and the instant the train rounded the curve and flew the rail, he heaved the torch with all his might. He saw it land on the top of the car and start to burn. Then he turned and disappeared into the woods.

"I only had to wait a few moments for the car to catch fire. I made for Sarah's barn. It took me two hours to get there, but while I was traveling through the woods I heard the satisfactory roar of the first car as the flames reached the powder and a moment later the second car blew as well. I even fancied I could hear the screams of the wounded as well, but of this I am not really sure. Poor John and Robert.

"Upon reaching the barn, I noticed the hounds were no longer there. I was surprised, but had no time to reflect on it. I went inside, and crawled up into the hayloft, taking with me only my pistol, a canteen of water, and a lamp in order to find my way down again at night without stumbling. Shortly I fell asleep, weary and exhausted from my unaccustomed labors."

Almost immediately after falling



asleep, Beeler was awakened by the baying of the two hounds. He snapped up, got to his knees. He rummaged for his pistol in the hay beside him, and lit the lamp with his flint when he couldn't find it. The soft glow of the lamp cast enough light for him to locate the pistol where it had slipped down into the hay.

The great doors of the barn swung wide letting the daylight in, and Sarah, pulled by the hounds on leads, rain in. At her side was a Confederate soldier.

"There, in the loft," he heard her scream. The soldier raised his rifle and fired. Aaron scrambled backwards desperately, kicking over the lamp as he did so. There was a puff of black smoke as the wick was flooded by the oil, then flames spread rapidly through the hay and began racing toward his body. He took quick aim at the soldier and fired. Two shots sounded as one, and as Aaron Beeler watched the soldier fall, he felt a searing in his upper right arm, he saw the blood begin to trickle.

Aaron scrambled down the rough ladder leading from the loft, and as he reached the floor, Sarah Goodbody released the dogs from her grip. They sprang forward. Beeler whirled as he heard them coming toward him and managed to fire once before they were on top of him. His single shot caught one of the dogs square in the chest, bowling him over backwards. The second dog hit Aaron at the waist and he brought his pistol down, with his full strength, on the dog's spine, between its shoulders and haunches. The dog hit the ground, rolled over and whimpered, its tongue lolling out of its mouth, its back broken.

He looked. Sarah was gone. Aaron leaped bareback onto the one horse in the barn, rode straight out through the doors into the open fields and kept going until he was safely in the woods.

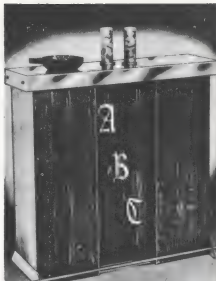
Just before the trees swallowed him, he turned once and looked back at the barn, now only a mass of black smoke and yellow flame.

"For four days I traveled during the night and slept only intermittently during the day. . . . Finally I reached our lines. Luckily I made immediate contact with my own Massachusetts regiment, else I should not have been recognized, and shot for a spy. The sentry who found me stumbling in the roadway was young Amos Terrill from Douglas Woods."

Thomas Aaron Beeler read a few more pages, then found he was at the end of the little volume. His grandfather made a journey to Goodbody House years after the end of the war to see what had become of it. Nothing was there. He learned from a farmer that the house had burned down one spring morning. The barn had mysteriously caught fire and it had spread to the house.

"And the owner?"

"Too bad about her; Good woman she was. One of Jeff Davis' best friends. Some say she was doin' some kind of secret work for him, but when that fire come. . . ."



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## Lt. Tunnadine's

### Four-Motored Coffin

continued from page 21

about it. There *had* to be some measure of control. Perhaps the trim tabs. These small control surfaces could be used to manage a plane in an emergency. And if this wasn't an emergency, *nothing* was.

The only thing wrong there was that the trim tabs had been knocked out too. Of all the controls, he had only the ailerons in the wings left. With these he could keep the wings level, but not much more. They couldn't stop the nose from dropping nor keep the ship out of that last dive.

"Captain to air quartermaster," he called into the intercom. "All my controls have gone except the ailerons. We are losing height rapidly. Move passengers back towards tail and stand by intercom."

THE sergeant relayed the order and the passengers quickly and smoothly obeyed; they were more than just passengers. Themselves pilots and crewmen of Hastings transports, they knew the silent battle that Tunnadine was fighting with the mortally wounded ship. They knew they could best help by instantly obeying any orders.

The air quartermaster stayed at the intercom, and reported back as soon as all the rear seats were filled.

"A.Q.M. to Skipper. All passengers now aft except medical officer who is attending Flight-Lt. Bennett. How does she trim?"

"Still nose-heavy. Move baggage back to floor of stern."

The passengers operated like a smooth team, rank forgotten. The Squadron Leader passed luggage to the aircraftsman who passed it down the line. As piece after piece was moved, the plane's nose began to rise. Tunnadine's voice came sharply over the intercom.

"Skipper to A.Q.M. Stop moving baggage aft and move two passengers forward. *Quick*. She's getting tail-heavy."

The two nearest officers jumped when the sergeant barked the command.

Tunnadine was flying the ship by the seat of his pants. With all the mechanical controls gone he had to use the passengers and cargo to fly the plane. It was slow, desperate work. He had to bring the nose up or they would dive into the ground. Yet if he brought it too high the plane would start a climb, lose speed and stall. If this happened there would be no way of avoiding that long, last dive.

Like a deadly game of musical chairs the passengers shifted their seats. Rearranged the luggage. Bit by bit the plane was trimmed until it was flying level.

Squadron-Leader James slid into the

co-pilot's seat next to Tunnadine. He was an experienced Hastings pilot and was taking the wounded Bennett's place.

"I have her level now," Tunnadine said, "but that's about all. Did you find out what happened?"

"Impossible bad luck," James said grimly. "It looks as if a piece broke off one of the propeller blades of the No. 2 engine. It could have gone in a thousand different directions and caused no trouble. Instead it flew into the fuselage, cut the controls and hit Bennett. And losing a blade at that speed set up such out-of-balance loads that the engine ripped itself from the mountings."

While James talked, the crew were busy at distress procedure. The navigator took a fix and gave their exact position to the radio operator. After making a distress call on their operating frequency, the radio op switched to the high frequency of the direction-finding stations in the area.

All across North Africa and the Mediterranean the airfields heard the S.O.S. and stood by. None of them answered. After checking the plane's position they

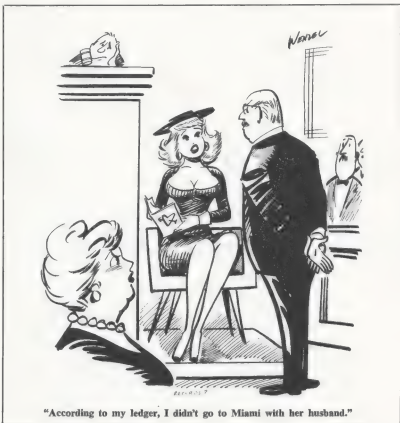
waited for the nearest field to take charge. This was the R.A.F. field at Benina, just outside of Benghazi. At 8:55 Benina transmitted an acknowledgment.

They weren't expecting any planes that night and had closed down, except for a skeleton operating staff. The commanding officer rushed from his dinner to alert the field. The flarepath was quickly laid and the whole field stood ready, waiting for some word.

In the stricken Hastings the men waited too. They wanted to help. Yet they knew they could help best by waiting for orders. The whole show depended on one man, Flight-Lt. Graham Tunnadine. Tunnadine was a good pilot with over 2300 hours. But now he had to learn to fly all over again, and without controls.

The ailerons held the wings steady—but that was all they did. Moving the baggage had trimmed the Hastings for steady flight. Could the plane be manoeuvred with the engines alone? There was a chance. Tunnadine opened his one remaining port engine to full throttle, and slowed down the starboard engines at the same time. The big plane began a slow turn to the right. Now, by throttling back on the port engine, he could make a turn to the left.

Tunnadine practiced slow turns for a few minutes, until he learned a bit of control. Only then did he set the big plane on the course for Benina and begin to slowly lose altitude by carefully throttling back his engines. He contacted the tower at Benina.



"Have had an explosion. Will crash-land Benina. Approaching from east at 170 knots. Is there any obstruction in vicinity of airfield?"

Benina's answer crackled in his ears. "Low-lying hills seven miles to the east of airfield."

By this time the coast was in sight, with the dark mass of the ocean beyond. The moon glinted off the white sand of the beach. It looked soft and level. Tunnadine knew the only chance for a successful landing would be to come in as slow as he could. Then try to lift the plane's nose at the last instant, so it wouldn't dig in. The engines on a Hastings are slung under the wing, and a sudden burst of power would lift the nose. But it had to be balanced to keep the ship from turning at the same time. With this crude and limited control, plenty of elbow room would be needed for the maneuver. The long lengths of beach looked very tempting. Tunnadine thumbed on his mike.

"Benina, what is the width of the beach at Benghazi? Will attempt to land there."

In the tower at Benina there was a hurried consultation. The commanding officer shook his head. He knew from experience how deceptive moonlight can be, making the bumpiest ground look flat. A landing on the beach would be sure suicide.

The Benina operator tried to ignore Tunnadine's suggestion. "We have a clear landing strip of 2000 yards," he said.

Tunnadine found it hard to keep his temper in check. "How far are you from the beach?"

"You have ten miles of clear, flat ground."

**B**EFORE he answered, Tunnadine thought for a moment. "I take it there are no trees, ditches or bushes for ten miles."

"No trees or bushes, but slight ditches."

"I would rather land on the beach."

"C.O. strongly advises against beach which has obstructions."

Working the throttles with a sure touch, Tunnadine dropped the plane a bit more. There were too many factors to consider. He called Benina back. "How large is your overshoot area?"

"We have an overshoot of 500 yards from end of runway, then there is a railway line and telegraph wires 20 feet high."

Another factor to be juggled. But what about those hills they had mentioned? Tunnadine didn't remember clearly. "What distance are the hills from the end of runway?" he asked.

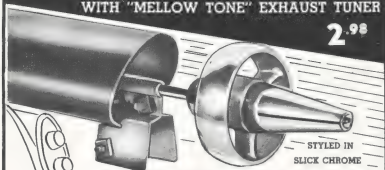
"Seven miles."

Another long moment passed, then his answer crackled out of the speaker in Benina tower. "Will let you know my decision as to where I will attempt to land."

As the Hastings dropped slowly, the crew and passengers prepared for the inevitable crash. Safety belts were tightened and all six escape hatches were kicked out. A torrent of cold air poured through the plane.

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"All strapped in, A.Q.M.?" Tunnadine asked.

"All except medical officer Brown, Skipper. He wants to stay with his patient, he says."

Tunnadine ordered Squadron-Leader Brown back to his seat. Brown asked permission to stay with the wounded co-pilot Bennett, who was too badly injured to be moved. The pilot gave reluctant permission, knowing the chance the doctor was taking.

AT 9:20 the Hastings was nearing Benina and Tunnadine had made his decision. "Have decided to try and land on your runway," he said when he had contacted the tower again.

"Roger. Runway one six. Flare path is laid."

"Roger," Tunnadine answered. "Have only throttles left to manoeuvre with. Will circle and drop more altitude."

There was a mumble of voices in his earphones, then a different voice broke in. It was the commanding officer. "Can you stay up for another fifteen minutes?" he asked. "Doctors and ambulances are on way out from Benghazi."

"Will see what we can do," Tunnadine answered. "You have hills to east of airfield. Is this correct?"

"Hills seven miles east of airfield. That is correct." The C.O. hesitated a moment, then asked the question that had to be asked. "What is your full complement?"

"Thirty-three, including crew and one seriously wounded officer."

The commanding officer knew the difficulties in getting all the men out of a wrecked plane. He needed the correct

count so he wouldn't have his crash crews risking their lives by crawling around in the wreck for a moment too long. A wreck that might blow up at any instant.

By 9:49 the ambulances had arrived. As soon as they and the crash trucks were stationed at the end of the runway, lights off and engines running, the Benina tower called Tunnadine again.

"We are ready for you to come in to land."

"Going out to sea to make final approach," he answered.

"Good luck. Hope you make it."

"I'll need a bit of luck," Tunnadine answered grimly. "We are now coming in."

The Hastings was down to 1000 feet now, heading out to sea away from Benina. A little more gas to the engines started the plane on a slow 180-degree turn. The lights of Benghazi showed up under the port wingtip, twinkling with warmth in the cold emptiness of the night. Within a few minutes the runway flares of Benina could be seen, pin-point lines of light against the black desert. Taking a careful radar bearing from the navigator, Tunnadine homed in on the line of lights.

In the cabin, the passengers pulled on safety belts that were already tightened to the last notch. In the wardroom, medical officer Brown braced himself and his patient as best he could.

Carefully, so as not to turn the plane, Tunnadine throttled back to 161 miles an hour, the lowest speed with which he would have any control. He didn't dare use the flaps, as that would have dropped the nose. The wheels were up



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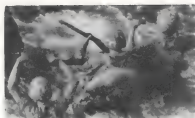
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## Bastards, Come Die On Suicide Creek!

continued from page 41

Japanese, perhaps 50 of them, did not yell and did not fire a shot. They rushed with bayonets.

Down among his infantrymen, Capt. Andrew A. Haldane, of Methuen, Massachusetts, was talking with Lt. Andrew Chisick, of Newark, New Jersey. They heard a Marine yell. They looked up and saw the Japs racing toward the emplacements, and weaponless Marines scattering out of the way. Some had no chance of getting to their weapons. The Japs were hardly 30 yards from the nearest gun and closing fast.

Then more Marines were firing, but it wasn't enough to stop the charge. The nearest Japs were hardly ten feet from the guns. Capt. Haldane ran toward the guns, firing as he ran. Lt. Chisick ran with him. Others joined the charge, some with bar hands, some with clubs or entrenching tools snatched up from the ground. The Japs reached one gun and swung it to enfilade the line. A Jap was in the gunner's seat. The Marines' charge hit the gun before he could fire a shot. He got a bayonet through the chest. The enemy broke, and the Marines cut them down. More than 20 dead Japs were scattered in the brush by the time it was quiet again.

THE Marines were bombed that night. Dive bombers. The enemy set up a heavy fire of tracer bullets to show the bombers where their own lines were and where they should drop their bombs in the dark. Nobody will ever be able to describe a bombing. You can't describe hell. You can only go through it.

The Marines had to take the bombing after a day of battle, without any way of hitting back. The next morning, January 3, they attacked again. The enemy threw mortar shells. Sgt. White saw a shell explode, and ducked down the line to see if anyone was hit. "A kid was sitting there in the foxhole. He didn't have any head. He just had a neck with dog tags on it."

All through that second day, the Marines pushed small units across the creek at different points, still trying to find a soft spot in the Japanese defenses. Each time they were hit. They knocked out some of the machine guns, but each time, in the end, they had to fall back across the creek.

There was a boy firing from behind a log. His face was gray. He stopped firing and looked around. His eyes were dull, without hope.

"It don't do any good," he said. His voice was flat. He wasn't speaking to anybody. He was just saying it. "I got three of 'em, but it don't do any good." Platoon Sergeant Casimir Pelakowski known as Ski—said, "What the hell are

you beefing about? You get paid for it, don't you?"

The kid managed a grin. As Ski crawled on down the line, the boy was fighting again, squeezing them off.

A platoon was pinned down in the jungle on their flank. They could neither go forward nor withdraw. They could only lie in the brush, held there by a crisscross net of machine-gun fire, while snipers took pot shots at them. Ski's platoon was ordered to lend a hand. They were bone-tired, but Ski said, "Let's get going," and they got.

Three of them were Denham, Melville, and O'Grady. Pvt. Harry Denham, of Nashville, Tennessee, was called "Pee Wee" because he was so small. They say he went to "some fancy military school." But he didn't ask favors of anybody and he wouldn't back down before the biggest man in the regiment. Just a bantam rooster of a kid who'd take on anything that walked. Pfc. John O'Grady, of Ogdensburg, New York, left the talking for the trio to Denham and Melville. He was a quiet guy who never had much to say to anybody, but he seemed to talk plenty when the three of them were off by themselves. Maybe he told them what he wanted to be after the war. The kids all think about that. It's something to look forward to—and a guy needs something to look forward to. Pfc. John William Melville was called "Pete," but nobody seemed to know why. His home was Lynn, Massachusetts. He was 26, almost an old man. He quit a white-collar job with the General Electric Company in Boston to join the Marine Corps.

Denham, Melville, and O'Grady—and Levy, Jones, and Brown—flung themselves at the enemy's flank so he'd have to break the fire that had the other platoon caught. Men dropped, but they kept going forward, fighting from tree to tree. They pushed the enemy back and held him long enough for the trapped platoon to pull out. That was long enough for the Marines to form a line so they couldn't be rolled up by counter-attack.

Another lull then. The jungle was still. Sgt. Selvitelle asked Ski who it was going. Ski was smoking a cigarette.

"They got Denham, Melville, and O'Grady," he said. They were lying out there in the brush somewhere and he was smoking a cigarette.

The word came to move up. There was firing ahead. Maybe an hour later Ski was behind a tree when he saw a wounded Marine lying in the open. A sniper was shooting at the boy. Ski could see the dirt flung up when the bullets hit. The boy was trying to crawl away, but he couldn't.

Ski ran from cover and pulled him to a tree. The sniper saw him. All the sniper had to do was wait until Ski started to return to his post. Then he shot Ski in the back.

That was about the time Tommy Harvard's platoon crossed Suicide Creek, lugging their heavy machine guns. "Tommy Harvard" was the code name for 1st Lt. Elisha Atkins, who played football at Harvard, belonged to the Dekes and the Owls, and got his B.A. in 1942. "Very quiet and polite as hell" is the way a sergeant described him.

The enemy let 1st Lt. Atkins and about half his men cross the creek before they opened up. Six automatic weapons blasted them at point-blank range. There were at least three machine guns with perfect fields of fire. It happened too quickly for anybody to duck.

Sgt. Wills says, "I saw a man ahead of us and just as I saw he wasn't a Marine they all let fly."

Marines were hit. Somebody was screaming. Cpl. John R. Hyland of Greenwich, Connecticut, was frowning as he tried to knock out the nearest machine-gun nest with rifle fire. The screaming man stopped.

Cpl. Hyland said, "We ought to get the hell out of here." But he didn't move to go. He kept his place, still shooting at the spot of jungle where he guessed the gun-post was, until the order was passed to withdraw.

The machine guns swept the brush just higher than a man lying flat. The trapped Marines rolled down the bank or pushed backward on their bellies until they could tumble into the creek. The screening bush was their only protection against the snipers perched in trees. As they rolled into the stream, they hunkered down as low as they could in the water. All of them pressed against the Japanese bank as bullets slashed through the undergrowth above them, splattering the creek and the American bank beyond.

Two of the Marines had fallen on a big log lying in the creek. One of them

was hit in the leg and couldn't move, but he was near enough for Sgt. Wills to pull him into the creek. Other Marines dragged him up against the brush-choked bank; but they couldn't reach the other boy on the log. He lay too far out in the field of fire. He'd caught a full machine-gun burst. He must have had 20 holes in him, but he was still alive. He was hung over the log, partly in the water. He was calling weakly, "Here I am, Wills . . . over here. . . ."

They couldn't help him. They could only listen to him.

"Wills . . . I'm here . . . Wills. . . ."

There were other wounded in the creek above them. They couldn't help them either. Most of those crouching in the bushes against the bank were wounded, too. The kid on the log was getting weaker. Just listening was harder than anything. Sgt. Wills ever had to take.

"He was calling me, and I couldn't help him. All of them were guys we knew, but we couldn't do a thing. We had to lay in the water and listen to them. It was the coldest damn water I ever saw. Their blood kept flowing into our faces."

THEIR only chance was to creep downstream close against the bank and then make a dash, one by one, for the American shore. A little way down the twisting stream there was a spot where a man would have a chance to make it. Most places, he would have to stop to climb the bank. Only a man wanted to commit suicide would try that.

It was slow work for the men in the creek, crawling downstream in the racing water, hampered by the thick tangles of vines and brush. Men caught in the vines struggled helplessly.

"Everybody had to cut everybody else loose as we went along," says Pfc. Luther J. Raschke, of Harvard, Illinois.

He found young Tommy Harvard tangled in the vines and cut him loose. "I tried to help him along, but he wouldn't come. He'd been hit three times. A slug had smashed his shoulder.

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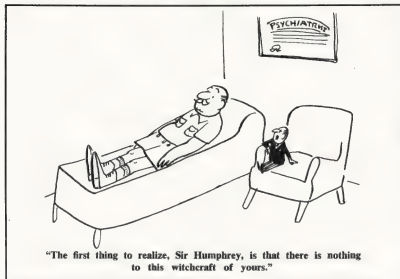
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He was losing blood pretty fast. But he wouldn't leave. He was trying to see that everybody got out first. He told me, 'Go on, go on!' He wouldn't let anybody stop for him. He said, 'Keep the line moving!' He made us leave him there."

They made their dash; got safely out and reached the line of foxholes to which the battalion had fallen back again after that second day.

But Raschke couldn't forget the wounded officer they'd left in the creek. He said, "I guess everybody else is out."

"Yeah," said Cpl. Alexander Caldwell, of Nashville, Tennessee.

"Well . . ."

"Yeah," said Cpl. Caldwell.

So they got permission to back into no man's land to hunt for their platoon leader. Cpl. Caldwell took along two more volunteers, for they might have to carry Lt. Atkins, if they found him, and they might have to fight their way out. They were Louis J. Sievers, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and Joseph V. Brown, of Middletown, New York, both privates first class.

It was getting hard to see when they crawled down to the creek. Raschke stopped. They lay listening, but they could hear nothing except the rushing stream and, now and then, the sound of the Japanese talking. They had to make their choice then. They could go back without the lieutenant. Or they could risk calling. Nobody would blame them if they went back. Nobody would know they hadn't done everything they could do to find him.

Raschke lay on the edge of the stream and he remembers clearer than anything else how close the water was under his nose. The others were in the bush, rifles ready to fire if the enemy discovered him. Not that it would do any good. He'd be dead. For that matter, if the machine guns opened up, they'd all be dead.

"I was scared stiff," Raschke says. "I called as softly as I could, 'Tommy Harvard . . .'"

"A voice said, 'I'm down here.'"

"It sounded weak, but we figured it might be a trap. So I said, 'What's your real name?'"

"The voice said, 'Elisha Atkins.' So we knew it was him. We crawled down and pulled him out. He said, 'God! Am I glad to see you!'"

He was shaking from hours in the chill water, weak from loss of blood, but still calmly Harvard as they carried him to the rear.

During the two days the 3rd Battalion had been fighting vainly to win the crossing of Suicide Creek, the outfit on its left had been trying as stubbornly and as vainly to get across its segment of the stream.

During those two days, Marine Pioneers were toiling to build a corduroy road through the swamp in their rear so that tanks could be moved up to the line. The tanks finally reached the outfit on the 3rd Battalion's left, but they found the banks of the creek too steep for crossing. The gully formed a natural tank trap. So a Marine bulldozer was called to cut down the banks of the creek and make a fill in the stream so that the tanks could cross against the enemy.

THE Japanese saw their danger. They concentrated fire on the bulldozer. Man after man was shot from the driver's seat—some killed, some wounded. But there was always a Marine to jump in the seat. He had no shield, no protection at all. He sat up in the open like a shooting-gallery target for all the enemy's fire. But the Marine bulldozer kept on till the fill was made and the tanks then went rolling across the bloody creek.

The advance of the tanks made the positions of the enemy opposing the 3rd Battalion untenable. If they tried to hold against the frontal attack of the 3rd Battalion, they would be hit by tanks and infantry from the flank. They'd be a nut in a nutcracker. They had to retreat or be crushed, and they retreated. The crossing of Suicide Creek had been won. ● ●







and hobbled off for the Douglas Hills.

When the posse found Tuppela's camp and abandoned lower leg, one man vomited and said, "I'll chase the devil to hell before I'll chase a man like that." Jackson didn't mind. The left leg would satisfy McKenzie; that left leg was worth \$1500.

Staggering grotesquely on his wooden crutch, Tuppela crossed the hills, stopping to rest only when he fell. Then he got up and labored on again through the hard, dull, bitter cold. Bradley's Mountains loomed two miles ahead, and between them was a pass he'd traveled before. Below the pass, he remembered, was a canyon. Snow began to fall in a gentle pulse.

Tuppela climbed, and fell, and crutched up to the pass. He was in pain so great that at times a blackness settled over his eyes. He slogged uphill to a muskeg plateau full of sedge tussocks; he sank in with every step. He forced his way through thick willow brush and stumbled through sphagnum moss, every move a pain and ache and the knowledge that he must move on or die. Ice formed in cruel clusters on the blue-jean pad of his stump. At the base of the mountains he slipped and fell near a crevasse four feet wide at the top, a depthless black of millions of tons of ice at the bottom.

At last he reached the pass. The wind tore at his body with icy fingers and swirled the ground snow until the air was white and Tuppela couldn't see more than a foot ahead.

At the top of the pass Tuppela found he'd been right. Below was the canyon, surrounded by glaciers, mountains and crags so lofty their peaks were lost in fog.

Down the side of the glacier Tuppela staggered and stumped down, sliding along the ice and rocks in a long, bruising hurtle, until he reached the soft snow of the canyon floor. He struggled a few hundred feet more to a growth of birch trees, where he stopped. Here, safe from the bounty hunters, he would establish a base.

A fire lighted, Tuppela warmed himself and took stock of his assets: an extra pair of knee-length socks, a pair of snow shoes, seven boxes of matches, 75 feet of heavy duty rope, a ball of twine, Myrtle's rabbit sleeping robe, 40 rifle bullets, a sack of beans and a pound of bacon. And his sheath knife.

He was without shelter or rifle. In nine weeks the freeze-up would begin. For three months the sun would sink below the horizon for all but a few twilight hours of the day. The temperature would range to 80 below.

## 'You'll Never Get Me'

continued from page 25

*I can build shelter, Tuppela thought. I've food for a week and in a week I can make an ice-hut. He built up the fire, repacked the cloth padding on his stump, and was instantly asleep. Above him in the iron night stars leaped and danced and the aurora borealis shot great multi-colored searchlights upon the silent snow.*

The next morning Tuppela roped a snow shoe to his crutch and stolidly stumped out to learn the resources of the canyon. He had been a farmer and a seaman; he knew weather at its best, and worst, and how to make the land and waters work for him.

TUPPELA estimated the length of the canyon at 30 miles, the width at 20. A half day's crippled march from his camp, a stream crinkled through the canyon from the west. Near the stream Tuppela came upon a deserted Eskimo village, the natives having left it to hunt caribou in the southlands, and in the village he found bits and pieces of hides, bones and driftwood. Foraging to his left he discovered clumps of willows and spruce and a canyon-sheltered section of the stream which was not yet frozen over.

For two days Tuppela painfully gathered willow and spruce branches, picked up whatever the Eskimos had left behind, and hacked pieces of sod from the banks of the stream where the water still ran free. Lashing these culls into his rabbit robe, he laboriously dragged the weight back to his camp site. He had spent three days and half his food.

In the morning the great white silence broke as wind moaned down into the canyon. His body stinging from the glacial wind, at times having to creep into his rabbit robe for protection, Tuppela began to construct his ice hut. He used the malleable willow branches to make a six-by-six foot frame for the hut. Into the frame, he wedged pieces of deadwood and hide. He thawed the sod and plastered it under and over the body of the hut. Then he piled layer upon layer of snow on top of the frame and body of the hut until he had covered the sturdy foundation with a frozen casing.

*I'll hold, he thought. I'll maybe starve, but I'll starve warm.*

In the evening the winds died and silence again possessed the land. Tuppela sat by the fire outside the finished ice-hut in a mood of dreamy contemplation, thinking of food and of his boyhood in Finland, when food and shelter were taken for granted, remembering how happy he'd been one summer in that safe now far away land



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while helping his grandfather build a wooden water wheel.

Then an idea came to him. Perhaps, by utilizing something of the principle of the long-ago water wheel, he could trap fish where the stream was still open.

Day broke gray and cold, but quiet, and Tuppella crunched out for the stream again. There he cut shore willows as thick as his wrist and bent them to form the frame of a scoop, twining the frame at the joint. Thinner willows about the width of his thumb he wove tightly, close together, into the frame of the scoop, and lashed the scoop to an eight-foot-long spruce limb. The scoop was cupped about a foot deep. In its center Tuppella wedged the shell of a bullet, buffing it against his parka so that it would shine as a lure.

He found a dead log near the stream and pushed it out into the rushing water and edged carefully out onto it, knowing that fish rarely swim near the banks of a stream. It worked. The scoop was deep and sure; the cartridge shell lure shone brightly and a fish entered the trap. Quickly Tuppella turned the scoop up flat and with a single heave threw a seven pound greying onto the snow.

He caught 17 more fish before the sun set and returned to the ice-hut with his determination to live tinged by hope. He was exhausted and suffering acutely from pains in his lost leg; his beard, eyebrows, hair and mustache had become so whitened by frost that he looked like some great demented god of the Eskimos, but he had fish. He could trap and dry enough fish to last him until the freeze-up eight weeks away.

That night Tuppella heard the first eerie howl of the timber wolf, calling its pack to the prey. Tuppella lay awake planning until dawn, but each plan was erased by his certainty that the wolves would wait him out. Then he decided on a desperate gamble. Weak as he was, he would show himself weaker.

**E**ARLY in the morning Tuppella sat before his fire, mittens removed, arms folded across his chest. In his left hand he held hidden his sheath knife, in his right a wooden club cut from deadwood. There were three wolves, he saw, thinned down to about 90 pounds each. The hunting had not been good. He might be in luck. They looked too starved to wait.

Slowly the wolves approached. Their eyes gleamed, their tongues lolled between yellow fangs.

Greedily they moved closer. Tuppella sat, eyes almost closed, slumped, hardly breathing, while the wolves, hackles risen, tails bushed up, stood sniffing, poised but immobile, perhaps an inch away from him. For an instant Tuppella and the wolves seemed to form some ancient Northern frieze, then a cold muzzle touched against Tuppella's cheek and the posture of the tableau broke, exploded into violence as Tuppella struck and clubbed and slashed out at the jaw-slobbering, snarling pack.

Lithe gray forms flashed and dodged through the frozen dawn. Teeth raked Tuppella's face and hands and tore at his clothing. Blood rilled into his mouth from a cut to the bone below his left eye, and blood spurted in great gouts from the chest of a wolf into which Tuppella thrust his knife heart-deep.

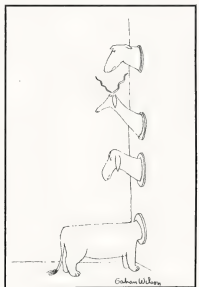
It seemed there were four wolves, then a dozen, then two dozen howling devils lusting for the kill. Once, they attacked as a pack, battering Tuppella down by sheer weight, enveloping him in the hot stench of their breath. Then Tuppella whirled, broke free, and caught a screaming wolf at the base of its skull, clubbed it to death.

A jaw snapped, and Tuppella's left ear hung half off. Kneeling in the stamped snow Tuppella fought with the delirium of desperation, his hands and face sticky with blood, his mouth full of fur and hair. With a single smash Tuppella struck down a wolf which lunged for his throat and another sprang raging on his back. In the bleak Arctic day it was savage against savage as all of Tuppella's primitive drive to kill and live welled up to meet the wolves.

Then, as suddenly as it started, it was over. Three dead wolves lay in the once white snow now gauntleted with blood. Tuppella lay on his back staring sightless into a silent sky, his chest laboring as he gasped air into his thwarted lungs.

Slowly he gathered himself up, and on hands and knees dragged each wolf into the ice hut. He could rest for only a moment. The wolves had to be dressed and cut, their entrails removed, their hides hung to dry, their flesh frozen, or they would rot.

Tuppella lay for a full week in the hut, tending to his wounds and to the stump of his left leg, and planned. He could catch fish and now he had some meat, but not enough. Freeze-up was seven weeks away. It would last three months. In those seven weeks he would have to find game large enough to last



the freeze-up. He could not battle again against the wolves. Next time they might be more patient, or there would be more than three, and then he would be the victim. And soon the fish would begin to sink to the bottom of the stream below the reach of his scoop.

He needed a bear. Tuppella almost laughed at the thought. A weakened, bled, flesh-torn, one-legged man with a ten-inch knife against a 1000 pound bear.

For a week Tuppella fished, made a smoke chimney in the ice hut, mitted native berries from under the snow drifts and sucked them to combat scurvy, and thought about the bear. Each night he sat studying and handling the materials he might fashion into some weapon. Pieces of wood, of hide, of bone, of stone, his knife. Pointless. Hunters with rifles feared the bear. Eskimos attacked the bear with spear and axe in packs of a hundred and counted it a good day if only half their number died. And each day less of the stream lay open as the temperature dropped and fewer fish rose to his trap.

One night, holding a piece of bone he'd picked up in the Eskimo village, Tuppella thought of McKenzie and his fist tightened with rage. To his surprise he discovered minutes later that the bone had bent but had not broken. Puzzled, he picked up other pieces of bone, some from the wolves, and found that certain pieces broke, while others bent into a coil and then sprang straight when he opened his hand. This was his hand. This was his weapon.

Tuppella separated the scattered bones until he gathered all the resilient pieces. These he honed until their ends were needle sharp. Then he hollowed out chunks of wolf meat, placing the hard, coiled, sharp bone inside the hollow, and set the chunks outside to freeze. He worked four days until he counted 50 pieces of frozen deer.

My knives, he thought. Bear, you'll eat these knives and die.

Finally he fashioned a rough sled out of wood and hide and rope, then emptied the powder from 20 of the useless rifle bullets onto small flat stones, twining the stones together for a crude grenade.

For ten days Tuppella crutched through the flat and drifts of the canyon snow. For five days he labored up the frozen mountain. On the sixth day, as he edged along a ledge on the west wall of the canyon a rock crumbled away under his snow shod crutch, and as he came down fast on his right knee for safety, the stump of his left leg struck rock and he screamed in a long, high, bubbling moan as his stump fired a rush of pain up his body so intense he felt his balance give way.

Quickly, almost suffocated by pain, he reached for a grip on a jutting knob of iced rock and flung himself back onto the ledge. He lay in the frozen lee of the ledge for an hour, holding his crutch, until he felt strong enough to climb on. When he was erect, he saw, about 300 yards away, on a plateau slightly above and to his left, a huge white-brown hump.

Torturously Tuppella scrambled up the mountain wall until he was 50 feet from the great brown bear, then threw the first of his stone and gun-powder contraptions. He had to draw the bear's attention, prod it to attack.

The beast growled and sat up, fat from a summer and fall of hunting, fur bristling, sleek with strength and success, claws extended, angry, connecting the mysterious explosion with the little man nearby. Two more of Tuppella's hand-made grenades burst behind the bear, and now the great bruin hunched its huge shoulders and hulking hind quarters; it began to pad forward in a swift shamle.

Hurriedly Tuppella tossed the bear a chunk of the deadly wolf meat and skipped backwards. The bear stopped, ears flattened, yellow eyes small, sniffed at the meat, then swallowed it. Immediately Tuppella exploded another bomb behind the bear and the bear again started to the attack, and again Tuppella tossed the bruin another chunk of meat.

Eight times the great bear moved toward Tuppella. Eight times the bear ate a chunk of frozen wolf meat.

Suddenly the bear stopped. For a brief instant it sat up in the snow like a statue frozen outside of time. Then it shrieked, a single howl which shook the rocks on which Tuppella stood. The first chunk of wolf meat had dissolved. The first piece of piercing bone had uncoiled, knifing through the great bear's vitals. It was tasting death.

For three hours the bear ran and writhed in agony, then rolled over on its back and beat its stomach with its enormous paws, its roars reverberating from crag to crag. Tuppella watched the bruin struggle until he became afraid it might rise and run to some lonely grave too far away for Tuppella to follow, and then he fell upon the bear with his knife.

**A** GAIN and again Tuppella closed with the bear, whose inner agony was such that it paid little attention to the puny man. Again and again the bear shrugged Tuppella off, once against a rock, and Tuppella gasped as he felt a rib snap.

At last his knife found the bear's throat, and he plunged the knife in to the handle, twisting it, twisting it, tearing until the bruin's struggles became feeble, until at last it lay silent and still, and Tuppella, shaking as with a mighty agony, lying atop the bear, inert, near death himself.

The hunt was a success. Tuppella had enough meat to last the three month freeze-up, enough fat to light the winter darkness of the ice hut, enough fur and hide to make himself and his shelter proof against winter's worst. And then he became afraid. For the first time he was on the edge of panic.

He felt he had come too far, had expended too much strength. The first wind shivered the mountain bushes as he dressed the bear out. Sap froze like rifle shots in the trees. It was more than 50 below. He had a two-week crippled march to make, dragging 1000 pounds

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of bear behind him, and he feared the freeze-up might catch him out in the open.

At the bottom of the mountain Tuppella sat down. The wind had risen to a moan and Tuppella felt tired, yet knew he was not. It was the cold setting in. The urge to rest was the first danger signal. His senses were growing dull. He wanted to sleep. He was in the embrace of death. Then he remembered a friend of his who had been found sitting by the side of a trail frozen dead. His friend had sat down to rest for a moment and the moment had become eternity.

Tuppella tore himself loose from death and slogged forward across the snowed-over canyon floor, moving without reason, almost without sanity, moving by instinct to live, by will to endure, by a passion for revenge against McKenzie, by a determination to return to Nome and regain what was rightfully his.

Halfway across the canyon floor the wind rose up in a solid wall before of him, mounting in intensity to a roar, and for a day Tuppella lay behind the sled and bear, helpless against the wind's pounding power.

When the wind died Tuppella rose and stumped forward again, laboring and heaving toward the bear's dead weight. He was beyond pain, even beyond knowledge. The edges of his lungs, touched by the cold, were sloughing off from his exertions, precipitating spells of coughing during which he was like a man in a fit. Blood congested in his eyes until they bulged and tears ran down his cheeks and froze in his beard.

The skin on Tuppella's cheek-bones froze and turned black. Wind tore through his clothing until all his flesh was numbed. He was sick with nausea from his efforts. His eyes seemed filled with some hard, fine dust, and he saw points of light excruciating in their intensity.

But onward he staggered, stumbling, falling, crawling, always rising to stumble, fall, crawl, to rise again and slog forward. Until at last he reached the ice-hut, crept within it, and collapsed. . . .

**WHEN** Tuppella emerged from the ice-hut three months later the brilliance of the day was blindingly painful. But it was a pleasurable pain. He was outside. He had lived. Spring had come to Tuppella. For the first time since he left Nome five months before, Erkki Tuppella smiled.

Getting back to Nome would be no easy matter. With the ice breaking up, travel by foot would be too dangerous. He'd have to build a boat and chance the rivers.

It was a rough but servicable craft. Tuppella climbed through the pass one last time, cut straight ahead to the Tonnowan, and kicked his boat out into the chaotic water.

For two days and a night Tuppella rode the raging Tonnowan, steering and poling with a birch limb. Once, for four hours of the first day, the boat bobbed and twisted out of control through the

frothed waters like a butterfly dancing away from the snatch of death. The sky rushed past with savage speed. Suddenly the boat was gripped in a great whorl of white water and began to spin viciously while Tuppella sat, his teeth bared in his scarred face, his spent arms impatiently flailing the birch log at the rushing water.

Then the boat spun free and sailed easily through the night, through and past threatening ice floes in which Tuppella was finally caught on the morning of the second day.

For half that day, while the ice broke up around him with the sound of thunder, Tuppella strained to pole out of the trap which menaced the boat.

**A**T last the ice gave and the boat sprang free into a mute, dizzying pool, then floated idly through debris-choked water toward the shore behind Nome, and Tuppella put his head between his knees, then lay back and stretched his arms out to the sun as the boat gently nudged against the shore.

As Tuppella approached the door of Myrtle's cabin it seemed to be dancing a crazy jig, but he entered, gaunt, scarred, one-legged but alive.

At sight of him the girl stood still, then collapsed into a chair, weeping with joy.

After he had left Nome, she told him later, given up for dead, only Myrtle hoping he might somehow return with the spring thaw, a few prominent attorneys, notably Francis Pittman Keyes, who later served in Congress during the administration of Franklin Roosevelt, had tried to fight McKenzie, but all had failed. An honest man, Judge Wicksham, had been sent to Nome by the San Francisco Bar Association, but it was useless. The miners were too afraid of McKenzie to go to court.

Tuppella sent Myrtle to fetch Keyes. Keyes came, Tuppella talked. Keyes wrote, Tuppella signed. He would guarantee to appear in any court. Then they went into Nome together, where Keyes had the document notarized and presented to Wicksham.

The dam broke for McKenzie then.

"Tuppella's alive and he's going to court," the word spread and dozens, then hundreds of miners rushed to testify. At McKenzie's trial more witnesses than the courtroom could hold heard Judge Wicksham term the evidence indicative of "the most awful alliance of a venal politician and a corrupt judge, the most flagrant prostitution of American courts in our history that I've ever heard or read about."

McKenzie went to jail, where he died. Wood, the district attorney, drew five years at hard labor. Arthur Noyes was stripped of his judicial robes and disgraced.

Tuppella? He returned stolidly to his diggings, struck a bonanza vein a year later, married Myrtle, raised a crop of children and grandchildren, and died peacefully in bed at the age of 87, his entire clan gathered around him, a smile on his lips.

He had endured. • •









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house. "There's the law on the wall," Link said.

The worm grew. Sproul installed a gate in their mutual fence for driving through. Williams tore it out. Violet and Bobby Sproul faced Williams on this. The argument was violent. Williams threatened to pull his sister down from her horse. He cursed at her. (He called her three names so vile, apparently, that at the trial Bobby Sproul refused to voice them until prodded by his lawyer. Even then he drew the line at the third epithet.)

By now, Violet Williams Sproul was afraid to let her husband ride the range. Williams told a fellow Mount Vernon rancher, Dick Sharp: "I'm going to kill that Dutch son of a bitch if he doesn't leave me alone."

**BOBBY** Sproul even considered selling his ranch and moving away. But inside, he felt he couldn't run any further. There was no place to run, no place to hide, inside.

In June of 1958, Link Williams threw another barricade across Cummings Creek Road, a short way from the fence that divided the two spreads.

On June 18, Bobby Sproul consulted with two lawyers, to determine his right to use the access road. One was David Silver, in the next county of Baker. Sproul figured Silver hadn't heard much about the fuss and wouldn't know much about the people involved. Sproul outlined the argument over the road to Silver without identifying which side was his. Silver told Sproul that the road

was public easement, that a man had a right to use it, that a man ought to protect himself if threatened with a gun.

The next day—Thursday, June 19—Sproul chanced into Williams. "Link," he said, "I'm coming in there next Saturday and clear off those rocks."

"If you do," Link said, "be there with a loaded Winchester. One of us will go out feet first."

And Sproul said, "Mebbe so, mebbe so."

The two men went their ways, headed inexorably for the showdown.

But not even Link Williams lived in a vacuum. There was a world about him: in the last hours of his life, this world impinged painfully on him. Maybe if it hadn't—maybe if he hadn't worried himself about gun permits and laws, worried about his sisters who seemed to have turned against him, worried about reasonableness and pleadings (not that Link Williams was a reasonable man, far from it), maybe if he had just said to Bobby Sproul, right then and there on the chance meeting, "All right, if you figure on coming through, let's settle it now." They could have fought with their fists or with rocks, or Williams could have ridden home and got a pistol for him and a pistol for Sproul, and while they were still red-hot sore, they could have had at each other. Maybe it would have ended the other way.

Maybe.

But there was a world about him, and about Bobby Sproul. Link Williams

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AUGUST ISSUE ON SALE NOW



went to the sheriff's office on the afternoon of June 19—a Friday—and asked for a permit to carry a gun. Williams told sheriff Ray Briscoe—an eye-glassed, graying, strong-featured man—"If Bobby Sproul comes on my property, I'll kill him."

(And faintly, isn't there suddenly something pathetic about Link Williams? Boast and brag, arrogance and rock barricades, threats, swaggers and oaths—but nothing else. Maybe—maybe—the big man was terribly frightened, maybe he never would have gone any farther than words and blocked roads. "I'm going to kill him," he kept saying. "I'm going to kill him, I'm going to kill him." Telling this one and that. And finally going down to the sheriff's office and asking for a gun permit! Link Williams who said that the Winchester on his wall were the law!)

Sheriff Briscoe refused to grant him the permit and tried to talk him out of the notion of bloodshed. Said Sheriff Briscoe, later: "I didn't have any success."

Later that same afternoon, Bobby Sproul came to Briscoe's office. He told the sheriff: "I'm tired of being pushed around. I'm going out there in the morning to clear out the barricade."

Briscoe said Williams was "in a state of excitement and belligerence." Sproul was "just calm."

But Link Williams, excited and belligerent, and an unreasonable man, his nerves stretched taut, had more to talk to do that night, more people to play on his nerves. His sister, Mrs. Mildred Allen, wife of a Grant County appraiser, called Link to her house that evening. She pleaded with him to end this nonsense. And Williams—near six feet tall and 185 pounds—said to her that night: "They are big and I am little."

Mildred was crying. "Harland," she said, "you're my brother, and I love you, and I don't want a brother of mine to kill someone. Would you really and truly kill someone?"

"Yes, I would," Williams said. "If they come through that gate."

Mildred would not believe what she had heard (and what she feared, and what she already believed), so she asked him again, and again Link Williams said, "Yes," he would, "if they came through that gate."

They. Not Bobby Sproul. Bobby Sproul had suddenly taken on—in Link Williams' ghosted mind—the substance of every other man, the whole world, where everybody was bigger than big Link Williams, where he was fighting not just one man but an army.

And Mildred Allen—meaning only to help her brother, whom she loved, hoping only to end the march to that dusty road showdown—asked Link Williams a third time, and a third time he said the same thing. *If they came through that gate...*

And the tormented braggart, the bully who was being torn apart by the worm he himself had fed, cried hoarsely to his sister, Mildred Allen: "If anything happens to me, I want you to tell people I was honest."

Mildred Allen screamed at his back as he went through the door: "Please, Harland, I love you!" But the door closed.

It still wasn't ended for Link Williams, this one last night on earth, this last night that probably was more terrible than the few seconds the next morning when his blood leaked from between his astonished hands, pressed to his heart.

He went to the home of Mrs. Dorothy Morris, a widow in the neighboring town of John Day. They had dinner together. She washed his hair for him, in her home. He made lemonade; they drank it together. They agreed to meet the next night, again. She noticed "nothing unusual" about Link. And why should she have? They were going to be married. Link Williams had to find one last cool calm resting place in this night of turmoil, one last respite, one last peace. A woman's hands in his hair.

Link Williams went home—to the house he lived in alone—and tried to sleep.

And Bobby Sproul? Calm Bobby also visited Mrs. Mildred Allen, Link's sister, his own sister-in-law. Mildred Allen said to Bobby: "Really and truly, Robert, I think the man must be losing his mind. I think he's crazy." She tried to talk Sproul out of the morning meeting. Sproul said, "I don't have to go out there in the morning, that's true. But I have to face Harland sometime, and I might as well go in the morning when so many people know about it."

Bobby Sproul went home. Mildred Allen knew there was nothing left to do. "I said my prayers and went to bed."

At home, Bobby Sproul took a 9mm Luger pistol and customized the holster, cutting out the front of the holster so that the weapon might be fired without drawing it free. He practiced handling it. Later, on trial for his life, he was to say: "A man said he was going to kill me; I wanted the best I could get."

Link Williams showed up at the fence next morning, at nine. He was accompanied by his brother, Dolly. Dolly Williams, a state highway employee in nearby Brogan, was at fifty the oldest of the Williams clan. He always had the most influence on Link. He had been asked by the family to go along as peacemaker. It was because Dolly Williams had agreed to be there that the rest of the family had not called in the sheriff's office.

Dolly said he found Link "normal" that morning, not unduly bothered. Still, Link had his Winchester .25-35 rifle. He also had with him a .32 pistol and a .22 pistol.

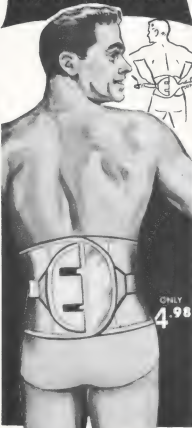
The two brothers amused themselves with some target practice at a few nearby squirrels.

Then Bobby Sproul rode up in his pickup truck.

Dolly said that Link "acted a little surprised" to see Sproul. Link began loading his Winchester rifle.

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Dolly said, "What are you going to do with that thing?"

Link said, "When Bobby Sproul comes through that gate, I'll show you what I'm going to do with it."

Bobby parked his truck at the gate. Link Williams tucked the .22 and the .32 pistols into his belt. Rifle in hand, he started walking toward Sproul, still in his truck.

Sproul was wearing his 9mm Luger in his neck holster, both ends of the holster open. But the distance was too great for a pistol. So he reached behind him for his own rifle. He got out.

He went through the gate. Nothing happened.

The two men approached each other.

Link said, "What do you aim to do?"

"I'm going to clear the road." There was a tractor nearby.

"If you do," Link said, "I'll kill you."

And Sproul said, his calm voice a little bit tense now, "Get at it then."

"You get at it then," Link Williams said. "How are we going to get this started?"

It was almost—at this point—ludicrous, a parody of a gun duel. Almost.

Bobby Sproul—the logical, reasonable man—suggested that Dolly Williams drop a rock as a firing signal. He said to Dolly, "This is it," and told Dolly to get out of the line of fire.

But Dolly Williams refused to drop a rock, and temporarily diverted the men. He suggested new ways of ending the dispute over the road and the ranch property.

They would not hear of it. But they still were not shooting.

Then Dolly said to Sproul, "You can't come down here to this man's property and shoot him."

Bobby said, "I don't intend to unless he shoots first."

Link said, "I won't shoot him if he gets back to his own property."

But the duel was uppermost. The men talked of turning their backs and walking five paces, before whirling about and firing. Neither, however, would turn his back on the other man.

It was at this point that Link Williams began the relentless chain of events that were to bring fifteen years of discord to a bloody boil. He started to advance on Sproul, his rifle pointed at the smaller man. Sproul started to break ground slowly. They moved this way some 50 yards, a silent dance of death. The men were three feet apart, Williams' rifle pointed at Sproul's groin, the barrel eight inches from the other man's body.

Finally Sproul stopped. He rested his own rifle on his boot toe, watching Williams' eyes.

Dolly Williams—the peacemaker—found himself by this time slightly behind Sproul. "I kinda ran out of anything to talk about, stepped back and bowed my head."

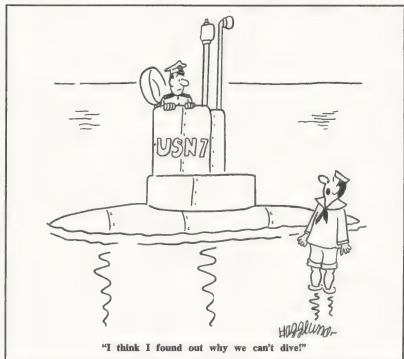
It happened.

"I saw a quick movement of feet,"

Dolly said. "Robert, I think, kind of jumped sideways and the shooting started. It only lasted a few seconds and I couldn't tell who was shooting or who was getting shot." And, most vital: "I have no idea at all who shot first."

LATER, Bobby Sproul described it this way: "I saw a wild animal look in his eyes." Sproul says he was frightened, that he jumped aside, dropped his own rifle, and tilted up his Luger. He cupped the pistol in his left hand, gripping the handle and the trigger with his right.

"I felt something in my belly," Sproul said. He thought he had been



"I think I found out why we can't dive!"

shot, and he thought: "He's not going to shoot me again." (The blow in his belly was probably the muzzle blast of Williams' rifle.)

Sproul fired a clip of nine bullets. Eight of the bullets found their target, tearing and ripping their way through Williams' flesh, making 17 separate wounds. One knocked the rifle from Link's hands. But Williams still stood, his hands laced across his chest, the blood threading through his fingers. Sproul looked down to see how badly he, himself, had been hurt. When he looked back up, Williams was falling. Link grabbed for a pistol that had slipped from his belt to the dusty road. Sproul kicked the gun into the weeds. Link Williams pitched forward, dead.

There was a pain in Bobby Sproul's left ear. (His ear drum had ruptured. Blood filled the cavity.)

He threw his arm around Dolly Williams' neck. "Is there anything we can do for him? Maybe we can help him."

But Dolly Williams said, "No, we can't help him." He put his own arm around Sproul's shoulder. "I know you had to do it," he said.

Dolly Williams took Sproul's guns from him. "I was afraid he might turn them on himself."

Sproul went to a nearby ranch house—it was owned by a man named Justice—and got a quilt. He returned and covered Link Williams. Then he went back to the Justices' house, and had to break in on a party-line conversation to reach the sheriff. "Come out," Bobby Sproul said, "and bring the coroner. I had to kill him." Then he turned to Mrs. Max Justice, the rancher's wife, and said, "He wouldn't back down and I wouldn't either." To Justice, he said, "I backed up and I backed up until I couldn't back up any more."

That was the way Bobby Sproul told it. And that was probably the truth, or just about. But one wonders how Link Williams would have summed it up.

They buried Link Williams.

ON Monday, September 8, 1958, in Canyon City's modern marble-trimmed two-story cement courthouse, the trial began, before pale-eyed Circuit Judge E. H. Powell, the first murder trial in Grant County in nearly five years.

But the handwriting was on the wall, clear to be seen. When the Grand Jury had returned the indictment—that Bobby Sproul was going to have to stand trial for murder—one of the jurors said, "Nobody would talk to me afterwards."

The people of Grant County passed around the hat. A big defense fund was collected, enough to hire Portland's Bruce Spaulding, probably the best and best-known criminal lawyer in Oregon. Said Spaulding (a big-city man who only occasionally used words like "fetish"—more often he spoke in a country twang and a homey manner), "Everyone's told me it's impossible to lose this case. All the other trials I've had have been 'impossible to win' but I won them. I don't know what's going to happen now that I've got one impossible to lose."

Boysish-looking, heavy-jowled bland-

facied Michael S. Mogan—Grant County's District Attorney—handled the State's case.

Spaulding—and Sproul—pleaded self-defense. Mogan called it a duel. Nobody really could see the difference. Maybe you can bring a man to trial for killing a man in a duel in—let's say—Boston or Philadelphia, or even San Francisco, but to the cattlemen of eastern Oregon, a duel might be ugly, a duel might not be the best, wisest way to settle things, but in a duel you either killed or got killed, and that was that.

D.A. Mogan's only hope was to prove that Sproul had fired first. (Even then he wouldn't have received a first-degree guilty verdict; more likely he'd have been hit with a manslaughter term.) With Sproul on the witness stand, the D.A. got him to admit how he had practiced drawing his Luger from his newly customized holster the night before the duel.

"You wanted the nearest thing to a guarantee that you could shoot first?" Sproul replied calmly. "I would never shoot him first."

Big ranchers paraded to the stand, to testify to Sproul's character.

All Mogan had were Williams' blood-stained clothes which he strewn on the floor in front of the jury. "One thing we've forgotten," he cried, "is that Harland Williams is dead, shot and killed. Killed by a trick gun by Bobby Sproul." Mogan called the gun and holster Sproul's "ace in the hole." He said Sproul "was dealing from the bottom of the deck." He said it was "just like a machine gun." And he went: "Rata-tat-tat," at the jurors. "It was sneaky and low and he planned it that way."

(And to reporters, another brother of Link, Melvin Williams, equally tall and rangy, said angrily, "You can't tell me Sproul fired in self-defense. You fire once—you don't trigger eight shots into him the way Sproul did Link.")

BUT Judge Howell destroyed the point. In his closing charge, the judge told the jury it could consider threats made by Williams to Sproul as grounds for self-defense; the judge said it didn't really matter if Williams was pointing his rifle at Sproul or not, just so long as he had it along with him, and just so long as Link acted menacingly; the judge said Sproul had a legal right to use Cummings Creek Road, that he could remove barriers Williams had erected, that he had a legal right to arm himself in self-defense.

But the most important thing Howell said was: the firing of more than one bullet in the heat of combat in no way lessens the validity of a plea of self-defense. In self-defense, Howell allowed that a man could trigger eight shots into another man, rat-a-tat-tat.

The jury went out on Friday night, September 12, for an hour and fifty-five minutes. It took one ballot. It came back and said, "Not Guilty."

Bobby Sproul went back to his chores, a free man. Link Williams' ranch was auctioned off the next month.

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**JOE AMES** says he dined with Aurora and took her right home in the rain. Then he went back to his place, had a drink, and fell asleep. Admitted he and Aurora had a little "flirt".



**JACK BROWN**, nightclub owner, says he was alone in his office from early evening until midnight. Admits knowing Aurora, but denies seeing her that night, or leaving his office at all.



**BILL COLE**, her jealous ex-boyfriend, said he had been out "on the town" most of the night. Claims he saw Aurora having dinner with Ames, also says they were arguing bitterly.

One of the three men is the murderer, and a picture clue proves that he is lying to the police.  
Who is he:  
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